Adam Clayton Powell *Murray Kempton*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Up, Up, Up

★ We all feel better because of Gordon Cooper. "Right down the pickle barrel!" said an awed voice at take-off. A hero is good for a nation, in proper dosage. For a few minutes it's Christmas; we are all brothers. This kind of thing can be overdone: we ignore the longer Soviet flights, we hail it as an American feat whereas it is humanity that has been enlarged, we forget it is easier to girdle the surprised globe than our own prejudices. Well, now it is over we can go back to Birmingham again. Which was worse, Cuba's Bay of Pigs, or Birmingham's Day of Dogs? And yet . . . and yet . . . because of nonchalant Gordon Cooper we all stand a little taller and straighter.

Speaking of flights, just a year ago the stock market hit an air pocket. In a sickening fall from 1961 to mid-1962 (with its worst drop May 28, 1962) the Dow-Jones industrials fell from 741 to 524; a total 29 percent decline, or paper loss of over $100 billion. Now the stock market has bounced back, close to – or over – the all-time high. Once more the cow has jumped over the moon. And we just can't get rid of a nagging doubt that the market is still a phony; that prices are not much more valid today than they were last year.

Why do we write about a financial matter? Because a stock market slide affects world politics. Last year's tailspin produced bigger declines abroad and the Kennedy tax-cut program at home.

The rule is that stocks are more risky than bonds so they normally return a bigger yield; when they don't, a big red danger signal flashes. Today the 30 Dow-Jones industrial stocks used as a barometer yield only 3.25 percent, whereas 10 best-grade corporate bonds yield 4.2 percent. By buying bonds you get greater safety *and* greater yields. Something is askew. A year ago people looked back ruefully at the danger signal they had disregarded; the red light is on again today.

Of course stock dividends and profits have risen some and may rise more. But only an almost miraculous business recovery would put stock returns ahead of bonds. No, the only real justification for the present zooming market that we see is the expectation of inflation and that expectation, we believe, now exists in banking circles almost everywhere. The Kennedy Administration says there won't be inflation. If present stock prices are right then the Administration is wrong.

In inflation dividends don't matter: you buy stocks regardless of income with the belief you can sell them to somebody else at a higher price. This can go on for months or years, but if dividends don't catch up eventually, the speculative wave crests and topples.

That happened last year. Mr. Kennedy slapped down Roger Blough and investors suddenly decided inflation wasn't coming after all. Losing faith in inflation was like losing faith in revealed religion; in a short time the market shed the dollar equivalent of one full year's US budget. Will there be inflation now? Businessmen pretend to hate inflation, but they love its temporary exhilaration; financial pages are now all twittering that prices are "firming."

A Clash of Expectations

★ Will the Administration permit inflation? We have had an almost unique three years of stability, a better record than any country but Switzerland. With idle men and plants, and with foreign competition, it is hard to see how inflation can spread. Yet it may.

And that is certainly what the financial community expects. At the Goldwater dinner last week, ex-Treasury Secretary George Humphrey told friends inflation is certain; look at the Kennedy deficit! That is what Ike himself says in his Cassandra cry against deficit financing in the latest *Saturday Evening Post*. The scare riders are out again. Or take the prospectus of financial houses; TRB has one from a mutual fund, just a teeny fund with only a beggarly $100 million in assets: the whole inference is that inflation lies ahead – buy stocks! Administration economists haven't convinced the conservative money-bags they will control inflation, and that's where the present stock market push comes from. Who is right? Nobody can say. But there is an implicit clash here, we think, of profound significance. The Administration says "no"; Wall Street says "yes."

Notes on the Republicans

★ We took a stopwatch over to the GOP-Goldwater testimonial dinner awhile back; our notes are incoherent: Chamber glittering but too big for the crowd – $1,000-a-plate winnows them out. Absence of Rocky flattens the affair. Ike's telegram mentioned, 15 seconds applause; Rocky's telegram mentioned, a reporter whispers, "He's dead" . . . House Minority Leader Halleck introduced, 17 seconds applause: finishes speech, 12 seconds . . . Everett Dirksen in fine thespian form, jeweled woman near press table laughs whole time: 21 seconds at introduction, eight interruptions for applause, or laughter; Dirksen likens GOP Senate group to "a little band at Thermopylae"; 23 seconds when he quits . . . Rep. Wilson (R, Calif.), reveals White House plot for new Puerto Rican naval base; cries "Don't give up Guantanamo!" Angry shouts, "No, no!" (14 seconds) . . . Rep. Miller (R, N.Y.) says, "I want to get rid of the Schlesingers, the Rostows, the Galbraiths, the Adlai Stevensons and the Chester Bowles's!" Sensation! (10 seconds) . . . Now it's Romney's turn: 16 seconds as audience rises – says Goldwater has been donor for "85 pints of blood" (Is this possible?) . . . "Eternal principles are in jeopardy . . . principles of the country on which it was founded. . ." What principle? "Excess concentration of federal power." Applauded five times (18 seconds at end), and he still hasn't come out of his cloud. . . . Finally Goldwater (57 seconds, standing) handsome, gray temples; speaks quietly, warm, simple, attractive; appeals for unity; praises GOP "individualism" versus Democratic "materialism." Sits down modestly, 30 seconds applause. Their heart belongs to Goldie.

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Birmingham and the Law

The position in Birmingham as we go to press is as follows: the biracial agreement of May 9 on limited desegregation that brought to an end days of Negro marching and police arrests stands, if somewhat precariously. Dr. King and his lieutenants apparently continue confident that the white business leaders who signed it will abide by it, and that even if the present racist city administration wins a court fight against the more moderate new mayor, Mr. Boutwell, and stays in office, it will not be able effectively to prevent implementation of the agreement. There has been no recurrence of anti-Negro violence, and consequently no recurrence of Negro rioting. An ominous presence is a crew of state troopers and assorted irregulars of uncertain intentions whom Alabama's Governor is maintaining in the city. A reassuring and stabilizing element, on the other hand, is the President's readiness to bring into the city, at a moment's notice, federal troops whom he has deployed at nearby military installations. Governor Wallace contends that sending in the troops would be illegal, that even their present deployment is illegal, which is a joke, even if a bad one. He is threatening to get a federal court order for their withdrawal. Mayor Hanes, who hopes the Alabama Supreme Court will prevent his elected successor from taking office, blames Birmingham's troubles on the "rabble rousers with headquarters in Washington" and the "left-wing liberal, distorted lying press." Since this is their attitude, the federal government must make it absolutely plain that it will not only stand its grounds in Birmingham, but is prepared to send troops elsewhere if necessary to prevent any state or local obstruction of federal court orders.

The possibility of an explosive and tragic denouement cannot yet be excluded, but the chances that it can be avoided seem fair. It is not premature, therefore, to attempt an assessment of these events and of their lesson for a future to which they are surely prologue.

Birmingham is not Little Rock or the University of Mississippi. It is not even Montgomery at the time of the freedom ride riots of 1961. At Little Rock and at "Ole Miss," state government rose in defiance against lawfully binding federal court orders. Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy both attempted negotiations, which were out of place in the circumstances because the legal position was crystal clear; negotiations failed and precious time was wasted. Eventually, both Presidents acted. In the freedom ride incident, mobs abetted by the then Governor Patterson of Alabama interfered with the well-established and plainly understood right of all persons, white or colored, to

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move in interstate commerce, and President Kennedy's reaction with counter-force was reasonably swift.

In Birmingham, however, neither the city nor the state nor the mob were depriving the Negro marchers of any established *constitutional* right; there is no such established right to march en masse and at will through the business district of a city, no matter how peacefully and no matter to what lawful and worthy end. Nor is there as of the middle of May, 1963, an established constitutional right not to be discriminated against at downtown lunch counters, or in the hiring and promotion policies of private business. One hopes there will be. So far, however, the Supreme Court has barely started struggling with the first of these problems – segregation at lunch counters.

But recourse to the law is not the only available and legitimate means under our system of solving social and economic problems, including constitutional problems. Another traditional and legitimate process – if extra-legal, and sometimes, in minor technical ways, illegal – is the peaceful trial of strength between contending forces; the trial of numerical, economic and moral strength, which agitates public opinion until from it rises, as Brandeis once said in reference to the struggle of industrial combatants, a generally acceptable concept of mutual "duty to the community." This is the process, tumultous as it may be, that the long-suffering Negroes of Birmingham elected to set afoot. The tradition in which they have acted is that of the early labor movement, though the Negroes abjure the inadmissible violence that sometimes marred that movement; it is the tradition of the more stylized trials of strength, called strikes. These are not the processes of law; they are extra-legal processes of law-formation. Such a movement, as we have seen in Birmingham and which we will see more of in the South, is justified because it is profoundly true to American beliefs, because behind the force of numbers is a moral force, because the law it seeks to establish is right, not because it derives a right from established law. The Birmingham police were wrong procedurally, to be sure; horribly wrong to use dogs and high-pressure hoses. But beyond that they were wrong because the social and economic system of their city and state, against which the Negroes are contending, is morally wrong even when it is not necessarily illegal. The Administration diagnosed the situation in Birmingham more or less in this fashion. It attempted on a crash basis to conciliate and mediate. From such settlement, the law may eventually be enabled to speak with assurance.

Should the federal government have done more, and earlier? It would have done little if any good to go to court, because under the Civil Rights Act the Attorney General has authority to sue only in voting cases and not in cases involving other civil rights; he would have been unlikely to establish in court a constitutional right to march en masse without a license in the city.

To have brought in troops earlier, or even to have announced that they were at the ready would also have been ill-advised. Not because Presidential authority was lacking; there is ample statutory power for the President to step in and maintain or restore order when one of these otherwise legitimate trials of strength goes beyond what society can tolerate without running a risk of disintegration. Mr. Kennedy is not obliged to wait until after tragedy has struck, nor is he required to credit good faith of Governor Wallace or of his troopers; he is entitled to doubt their sincerity at least in the same degree in which the Birmingham city police quite evidently doubt it. But troops or the threat of troops early in the game would have jeopardized (those on the spot say torpedoed) a nascent process of private settlement and the creation of consent where it matters most – in the local community. To recur to another Brandeisian insight, responsibilty is the great breeder of men. The men of sense in Birmingham who were, with Burke Marshall's prodding, negotiating with Dr. King and his lieutenants were at long last facing the realities and the morality of their situation. They had, as we noted last week, been rudely jarred into it, but the President did well not to deprive them of a sense of responsibility by taking over. Deprived, or if you will, relieved of their responsibility, they might well have thrown up their hands, or, if they continued negotiating, they would have considered whatever agreement was reached not theirs, but in effect the President's.

The experience of Birmingham teaches that the Administration must quickly seize and act on the truth that the accent in race relations has moved from "gradual" to "speed." It must litigate. It must exert executive power in connection with many federal construction and job training programs more vigorously and imaginatively than it has. It must stand ready with troops to keep the peace justly and impartially, for a number of Southern Governors are either not willing to do so at all, or if willing, intend to keep an unjust, racist peace. And the Administration must be prepared to conciliate and mediate, as Assistant Attorney General Marshall did in Birmingham and has done in other Southern cities to the end that the parties may begin to work out among themselves problems to whose solution the law is not equal as yet, and to whose complete and stable solution it may never alone be equal. Since Robert Kennedy and Burke Marshall will not always be in their present jobs it would be useful now to enlarge and formalize this conciliation and mediation function on a permanent basis in close coordination with the Department of Justice but visibly clothed with Presidential prestige and authority.

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Transatlantic Air Fares

A sudden storm broke out over the Atlantic last week over plane fares. In Britain, there were vague hints that unless the US gave in by the end of the week and permitted fare increases for transatlantic flights, the government would begin to impound American planes when they landed at British airports. Members of Congress howled and thundered, but in terms both of law and of diplomacy between allies, the US was in the wrong, and finally surrendered.

Last autumn the 92 airlines in the International Air Transport Association agreed at Chandler, Arizona, on a new structure for transatlantic fares in which normal return fares would be increased by five percent to make up for the introduction of special cheap fares for group travel. After months of argument the Civil Aeronautics Board decided by the casting vote of its Chairman to oppose this five percent increase. Talks took place between the CAB and the British Ministry of Civil Aviation last month to seek a compromise, but to no avail. The CAB then ordered the American private companies – Pan-American and TWA – to keep the old fares, and on May 12, the day the new fares came into operation, they began landing passengers in London in defiance of British law with tickets at the old fares.

The US case, before it was abandoned, rested on a belated recognition that the IATA agreement is price-fixing in restraint of trade, a thing deeply offensive to our antitrust tradition. It was also argued that the airlines would benefit from cheaper fares by attracting more traffic. But the way Washington handled the decision could not have been more offensive to British opinion, already sensitive about the predominance of the US in Western counsels, and deeply concerned about the future of Britain's own aviation industry. On the other hand this hassle over fares roused many people in Britain to look more closely at the operation of the IATA, which is a typical international cartel with no particular concern for the pocketbook of the consumer. The disastrous over-investment in expensive jet aircraft which has crippled the finances of most European airlines is thought by many to be a direct consequence of the IATA. Moreover there is growing uneasiness in Britain about the long-run economic value of subsidizing national airlines for prestige purposes and then forcing them to buy national aircraft which are unsuitable for their job.

There is something wrong with Anglo-American relations if such a teacup tempest can rock the alliance, though perhaps it reflects nothing more than the fact than an election is forthcoming in Britain. Prime Minister Macmillan has still not given up hope of inveigling the President into appearing with him at some Summit Conference so that some of the Kennedy glamor may rub off on him. But Kennedy is aware of this and has no intention of submitting to the type of electoral exploitation which Eisenhower allowed. So there is a strong tendency for Macmillan to swing to the opposite extreme and pose as the sturdy champion of British independence against American domination. He has already made much of this theme in relation to the British nuclear deterrent, even though he himself has made the future of that deterrent depend totally on US readiness to supply Polaris missiles.

Debate over Dumping

Steel companies, seeking to protect their price structures against foreign competition, have been filing complaints that Japanese, Belgian, French and German steel producers are selling wire rods, mesh, pipe and steel sheets in the US market at lower prices than these foreign producers are charging in their home markets – plus transportation, warehousing, tariff and other added costs. Under the anti-dumping law which the companies have invoked, it is up to the Treasury Department to decide whether the complaints of US producers are justified or not. If the sales are below "fair value," the Tariff Commission then determines whether they are injuring or might injure US firms. If the answer is yes, the foreign products are subject to a special tariff.

The purpose of the anti-dumping law is to rule out predatory tactics which might drive an American firm out of business or prevent it from getting a start. Increasingly, however, the law is used to stifle healthy competition. Over the last decade the Treasury has dismissed 90 percent of the complaints. The Tariff Commission in turn found "injury" in only a few instances in which a sale price was shown to be below "fair value" – cement from Portugal, Belgium, and Sweden; cast iron soil pipe from Britain; and bicycles from Czechoslovakia. Last month, however, the Tariff Commission decided that sales of cement in the New York market by a producer in the Dominican Republic were likely to cause injury, even though these imports in 1962 amounted to less than 1½ percent of shipments of cement to the New York market in 1962. The flea was raping the elephant.

The Commission's decision, together with the 20 or so complaints filed this year by US steel producers, is raising concern abroad about US trade policy. Will the liberal philosophy of the Trade Expansion Act be undercut by back door reliance on anti-dumping procedures? This concern is intensified by the effort of some Administration stalwarts in the Senate who have introduced legislation making it much easier to prove that foreign sales are less than "fair value."

The Anti-Dumping Statute is both bad law and bad

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economics; it needs to be revised to define more narrowly predatory behavior in international trade. It is bad law because the "fair value" concept is too amorphous and the injury criteria too vague. The determination of injury should be based on actual rather than prospective performance, and the interest of domestic customers as well as producers should be considered.

For instance, testimony before the Tariff Commission on wire rods suggested that large domestic steel producers, who both manufacture wire rods in their captive mills and sell them to independent concerns to be made into nails or barbed wire, were trying to squeeze the independent concerns by charging the relatively high price of $142 a ton for the wire rods, then setting a price on what is made from those rods so as to leave a very low markup to cover fabrication costs. If the independent wire fabricators are forbidden to buy cheaper foreign supplies (imported wire rods are cheaper by $30 to $40 a ton than wire rods made in the US mills) their ability to compete successfully against the captive mills will be greatly reduced. If the Tariff Commission believes domestic steel producers have been injured and imposes an anti-dumping duty on a foreign product, it simply injures the independent steel fabricators. Predatory tactics do not begin or end at the water's edge.

If foreign producers want to sell their products at a price which attracts US buyers, they should be allowed to regardless of whether their competitive power comes from low wage labor, cheap material, high productivity, or other factors. This is what free trade is all about. If they wish to subsidize US consumers at the expense of the customer in their home markets, the implicit subsidy should be gratefully received.

Shelters Again

Across the land this spring, office buildings, apartment houses, schools, and shops are sprouting signs in black and a singularly unpleasant yellow, on which, beneath a design that has become the escutcheon of the atom, appear the words "Fallout Shelter." Arrows lead to areas that are being stocked with supplies of biscuit, water, sanitation and medical kits. This program – modest, if not miniscule, by defense standards – is the nation's response to the alarms President Kennedy sounded back in the Berlin crisis of '61 when, trying psychological warfare on the home front, he produced the fallout shelter boom and bust.

That shelter boom inflated an amazing number and variety of entrepreneurs who hoped to garner fast megabucks in the interlude before Armageddon. It also brought into being a militant opposition of ministerial and professorial groups who aimed sermons at neighbor-shooting shelter builders or gathered signatures for argumentative advertisements in *The Times*. When the boom ended, the operators and the opposition collapsed together. Once Congress denied the Office of Civil Defense the $460 million it wanted to start its Shelter Incentive Program (a program designed to put shelters into "non-profit institutions" on a cost-sharing basis), the aroused citizenry retired in the comforting belief that sheltermania had subsided.

They may have been wrong. Selling a shelter program is the business of a bureau, and a bureau can accept defeat in one session of Congress with the reassuring knowledge that there soon will be another. Then, with luck, the militia of opponents, like minutemen returning to their plows, will have gone back to their pulpits and podiums to take up newer causes.

OCD is such a bureau, and is now turning to the soft sell. The Program's Fiscal '64 model calls for a down payment of only $175 million. Moreover, Secretary McNamara, OCD's boss, has assured the House Armed Services Committee that he will use that sum to acquire 10 million shelter spaces by "exploiting low-cost opportunities," that is, by selecting schools, hospitals and welfare institutions in which shelter costs can be held below the $25 per space which, under OCD's plan, the federal government would be committed to pay. The cooperating institutions would have to pay nothing; their boards could be expected to go along.

This is a textbook example of getting the camel's nose under the tent. Before it is too late, a hard look at the whole camel is indicated.

The Shelter Incentive Program is designed to produce not 10 million but 100 million shelter spaces (the area of a space is 10 square feet) in "non-profit institutions and instrumentalities" by mid-1968. The average cost of producing a duly sheltered space is put at $40. In other words, what OCD plans is a five-year, $4 billion program. Moreover, since the institutions would have to pay all costs over $25 a space and since OCD's contribution would average well under $25, it is plain that our financially-straitened schools, colleges, hospitals and welfare institutions are expected to contribute close to $2 billion for fallout shelters.

If the House Armed Services Committee, before whom the hearings it dodged last year will soon be held, should approve OCD's pending authorization bill (HR 3516), the odds are that the bill would be passed and at least a part of the funds OCD seeks appropriated. Would school boards and institution trustees then be able to refuse to cooperate with OCD, taking into account pressure from the superpatriots, from a new set of entrepreneurs, and, with every new war scare, from frightened parents? The shelter controversy would begin anew – this time at the grassroots.

Some boards might insist that if, as Secretary Mc-

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Namara has solemnly assured the Committee, fallout shelters are "absolutely essential to enable us to face the consequences of a nuclear war," then the Department of Defense should pay for them. Other boards might observe that the Secretary's actions contradict his words: surely the Defense Department would let no "absolutely essential" program depend on the views and budgets of literally thousands of hard-up institutions; nor would the Department stretch out an "absolutely essential" program over a period of five years when it could easily be wound up in two. And if these doubts do not suffice, many boards may be persuaded to do nothing merely by reflecting for a moment on how little value their shelters would possess in a nuclear war fought with tomorrow's weapons.

Watchdog of Wall Street

The Securities and Exchange Commission likes to think of itself as the watchdog of Wall Street, though between the departure as Chairman of William O. Douglas in 1939 and the arrival of William L. Cary in 1961, millions of Americans were misled if they thought they could venture safely into the stock market because the SEC was there.

That the commission did little more than fiddle with papers for two-thirds of its years will come as no surprise to Wall Street insiders. But it will come as a bit of a shock to a lot of people, including members of Congress who now are getting the reports of a special stock market study the SEC prepared in response to a 1961 Congressional directive. It should be explained quickly that the present SEC is dominated by Kennedy appointees and that Chairman Cary wisely saw to it that the 65-man study staff consisted largely of people from outside the Commission who feel free to slash away (but never by name) at chairmen who succeeded Douglas and preceded Cary.

The few Senators and Representatives left on Capitol Hill who were in the New Deal 73rd Congress must feel like this is where they came in. The 73rd staged the Pecora investigation, made memorable not only by the circus midget who perched on J. P. Morgan's lap but also by its probe of the background of the 1929 crash – the massive market manipulations and the high pressure selling of stocks to people who had no business in the stock market. The 1933 Securities Act and the 1934 Exchange Act, and the SEC which the '34 act created to police both laws, were supposed to curb forever the speculative excesses of the '20s and their disastrous aftermath.

Now the first comprehensive study of the stock market since Pecora is telling Congress (in five chapters the SEC filed April 3 and nine more to be delivered by June 1) that some stocks were manipulated in the "speculative bull market" of 1959-1961, that sometimes fraudulent investment advice fed to the public by the bucketsful probably stimulated "the bull market which preceded the severe market decline in the spring of 1962" and that "high pressure" selling of speculative new issues in the 1952-1962 decade may have cost the public more than $100 million.

The clincher in the SEC's indictment of its past comes when it tells Congress that there's nothing basically wrong with the 1933 and 1934 acts. The laws need some mending, but the regulatory scheme (the exchanges bear primary responsibility for policing themselves and the National Association of Securities Dealers polices the over-the-counter market, all under SEC supervision) is sound. The fact is that the SEC's supervisory powers have almost never been used; the Commission has all the powers it needs to force the New York Stock Exchange to eliminate what remains of its "private club" trappings, but only once has it required the Big Board to adopt or change a rule, and that was on a relatively minor matter. The bulk of the study staff's more than 100 recommendations can be accomplished under the SEC's present rule-making powers.

Washington will never be able to prevent anybody with a gambling instinct from getting hurt in the market, nor will it be able to keep every bad guy out of the securities business. But it can make sure that high pressure appeals and lofty "own your share of America" campaigns don't parlay people's capitalism into another national disaster. The study group recommendations that could be carried out under the SEC's present rule-making powers would bar firms and salesmen unable to meet character and competence standards; require closer surveillance of selling practices and market letters; cool future waves of speculation in new "hot issue" flotations; disseminate much more widely among the public the tons of corporate "disclosure" documents that people now must travel to Washington to see; tighten regulation of exchange and over-the-counter trading and regulate any attempts to manipulate stock prices by public-relations gimmicks.

The amendments to the law which the study group wants would extend to larger corporations whose stocks are traded over-the-counter (meaning not on any exchange) all the disclosure requirements that now apply to corporations listed on the exchange; bring under SEC control over-the-counter price quotation systems; authorize financial responsibility standards for entry into the securities business; enlarge the SEC's supervisory purview of the National Association of Securities Dealers and provide criminal sanctions for "false and misleading" corporate publicity.

Though House and Senate committee hearings on the SEC recommendations will start up soon after June 1,

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they may bog down in arguments over whether the report covers all the ground Congress wanted it to; the SEC staff won't present the searching evaluation of the Security business' performance in supplying capital to industry that some Congressmen wanted, so the hearings may veer off on this tangent.

Assuming though that Congress eventually were to mend the laws and the SEC were to plow ahead with its rule-making, there's no guarantee that the now revived spirit of New Deal chairmen will live forever in the SEC. Shenanigans on the American Stock Exchange, exposed as a by-product of the SEC staff study, resulted from no lack of rules. Ensuring that the SEC doesn't fall back into its paper fiddling ways involves a much broader problem that the study staff didn't and wasn't expected to look into. The commissions and boards that regulate transportation, communications, securities and other major chunks of the American economy are in the long view a drifting bunch, leaderless, reluctant to set policy or enforce it, responsible and responsive to neither Congress nor the President. True, questions are beginning to be raised about the whole approach. Newton Minow, who brought to the Federal Communications Commission the same New Deal zeal that Cary brought to the SEC, has resigned with more than a hint that he could do no more to make the radio-TV "wasteland" greener – and that what he had been able to do was not enough. Particularly because of the impact on the national economy of a stock market crash, it would be nice to believe that Congress will face up to the deficiencies in the regulatory system. But it won't this year, or probably next. The industries to be watched over have their powerful friends in Washington; moreover, if Congress strengthens the authority of the regulatory commissions, would it not be dissipating the authority of Congress?

For Golf, Money and Love

This year's $1,000-a-plate Republican dinner in Washington had been anticipated as a display of departed triumphs and prospective glories. The guest of honor, Barry Goldwater, symbolized both. But President Eisenhower could not be there to represent the past; his telegram of regret originated from the Augusta National Golf Club. Mr. Nixon was in California packing for the economic enticements of New York. Governor Rockefeller was in Venezuela on his wedding trip; what Republican passion exists at the moment seems private – for golf, for money, or for love.

The dinner had been thought of in advance as an occasion which might ignite a Goldwater candidacy; but the Senator himself found it most satisfactory because it promised to liquidate a $38,000 loan to the party's Senate Campaign Committee which he had taken the risk of endorsing. After coffee, the Senator accepted a silver chafing dish, read a telegram of affection from his daughter, and reminded his auditors how fortunate the party is to have men like Romney.

Governor Romney earned almost as much applause as Senator Goldwater did on Goldwater's own ground. "In Lincoln's time," he said, "the question was whether the sovereignty of the states would destroy the sovereignty of the union. Today it is the opposite, whether the concentration of federal power will destroy state and local responsibility and thus destroy the nation and the constitution." This went down wonderfully well, since it was old stuff on a new larnyx. Romney is a formidable figure, a composite of all the Republican candidates who have clicked or almost clicked in the past – the visage and vigor of Rockefeller without the grimace, the piety of Dick Nixon without the disabling commercial taint, and the all-purpose unifying rhetoric of Eisenhower, the last as vague as politically necessary. With all the good things he had to say about the guest of honor, Romney's voice reached its most heartfelt pitch when he remembered how Barry had so unselfishly betrayed his followers by delivering them to Vice President Nixon at the 1960 convention.

The confrontation of the second Mrs. Rockefeller has put the Republicans through that process which

"I keep hearing bells. First they peal, and then they toll."

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Herman Kahn, the theoretician of adjustment to thermonuclear war, has called thinking about the unthinkable. The Governor's telegram of regret stressed a heavy "previous commitment"; what laughter it drew was nervous, what applause muted. The audience was not pleased at this reminder of how small an account the Governor takes of its basic prejudices, of how tough are the terms on which it must take him and how likely it remains that he must be taken.

It was natural for persons so bruised to stand and applaud George Romney who seems, in contrast, so adaptable. He would appear at first glance – which is the longest one the average voter takes – to have the best chance of any Republican, all things being equal, to be President some day. Still, George Hinman, Rockefeller's New York manager, was observed transmitting his unaggressive goodwill among those present. "With love sweeping the country," he said, "I've decided to take a few weeks off and take my wife to Europe." It was still a little early to assert the Rockefeller claim.

FOREIGN REPORTS

Africa

Livingstone, the Tourist

★ In their efforts to redress the wrongs of the colonial past, the new governments of Africa have been rewriting history, excising some of the more unpleasant memories. Thus, in Tanganyika, monuments to David Livingstone, the 19th Century Scottish explorer, are being knocked down; in Nyasaland, which he brought to the attention of Europe in 1859, Livingstone is now described by officials as a "mere tourist."

Masauko Chipembere, the Minister for Local Government, interrupted a long speech on the independence movement in the Nyasaland Legislative Council to discuss Mr. Livingstone: "Mr. Speaker," he said, "I am using the word 'tourist' deliberately because I don't recognize Livingstone as an explorer. You don't explore a country that has already been known by other people. Lake Nyasa and the River Shire and places like that have been known by our ancestors for centuries. Lake Malawi and places like that have already been known by our people for years before Livingstone came here."

"He was so ignorant, that man!" interjected Mr. Chirwa, the Minister of Justice.

"And he was no more an explorer than I was when I went to Britain for the first time," concluded Mr. Chipembere.

"You discovered Britain!" said Mr. Chokani, the Minister of Labor.

And might not climatic accidents have been responsible for the long periods of colonial rule in East and Central Africa? "Nyasaland did not have mosquitoes which would have driven [white] people . . . away from the country," said Mr. Bwanausi, the Minister of Works and Housing.

India

The Need for Steel

★ A very strong line has been taken publicly by President Kennedy in support of spending dollars to help the Indian Government finance a $1.5 billion steel plant at Bokaro, 150 miles northwest of Calcutta in the industrial section of the country. This places him at loggerheads with his own advisory committee on foreign aid, headed by General Clay, which had warned against the expenditure of US funds for state-owned projects operating in competition with existing private companies. The Bokaro plant would be the largest single project in a "neutralist" country to receive US assistance. India is asking for two loans totaling $891 million, the remaining investment capital to be raised through internal sources. The Bokaro complex would be the sixth steel plant in India, the fourth to be managed by the government. Money from Russia, West Germany and Britain has helped build the other plants.

Current and projected defense and industrial plans demand considerably more steel than the present production rate of 11 million metric tons annually. Though Bokaro initially would boost this output by two million metric tons a year, the need for steel is so pressing it is unlikely that the Bokaro complex would ever compete with existing private steel companies; rather, it would help satisfy an anticipated demand which private enterprise alone could not satisfy. Indeed, the Tata family, owners of the largest private firm, openly support construction of the new plant. There is no reason, moreover, to believe that the Indian Government, which recently helped private steel companies expand their facilities, would want to reverse itself and nationalize these enterprises.

The major drawbacks to construction are technical and were spelled out at some length in a feasibility report for AID by US Steel. According to the study, the Indians have left the planning of cost and availability of raw materials unnecessarily vague. The Bokaro plant would require expanding railways, highways, and the building of villages; American steel men would have to train and then supervise 8,200 Indians through the primary stages of the plant's production.

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ADAM POWELL

The Ocelot of the House of Representatives

by Murray Kempton

There are Negroes who write from the South and address their letters to "Adam Clayton Powell, the White House, Washington" and who even come sometimes to his Congressional office – finding the door locked as often as not – to say they are from Alabama and Mississippi and want to see *their* Congressman.

Lord Melbourne said once that he cherished the Order of the Garter because there was no damned merit in it. No damned merit made Powell chairman of the House Committee on Education and Labor. He just sat on the committee longer than any other Democrat. He is unique. No other Negro in the United States can frustrate the President of the United States all by himself, just by being a road block.

A colleague confides that having Adam Powell as your committee chairman is like having an ocelot for a pet. He *does* purr when soothed; he has style and quickness. He is unpredictable. He is generally disliked, partly by Southerners who think that he doesn't know his place as a Negro, but also by men less blessed with those simple prejudices who must settle for the vaguer notion that Powell does not know his place as a member of the House. He is outsize. Other Congressmen have their wives on the payroll; only Adam Powell has his wife 1,500 miles across the water with a $13,000 House salary and no discernible duties. Other Congressmen wander abroad, drawing their pocket money from counterpart funds and drawing more of it than Adam Powell does – "Could you," he asks, "eat five days in Paris for $87.50?" – but none of them takes with him two young ladies from his staff whose intelligence can be established only by talking to them.

The House fell upon Adam Powell late last winter with a rancor developed through months of watching itself parodied by one of its own members. It was a cruel March for the chairman. The House cut his $697,000 budget request for Education and Labor down to $200,000. It passed a bill to limit junkets abroad; the provisions were hazy, but its purpose was clearly to tell the world that Adam Clayton Powell, because of his effrontery and lack of discretion, could not eat on the Marshall Plan at the Lido in Paris ever again. Powell was in Puerto Rico most of that time; he said little for himself that was not further parody; he had few defenders; the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People maintained a generally embarrassed silence.

Then in the latter part of March, Adam Powell rose in majestic pique. He threatened to attach a civil rights rider to every Administration bill in his committee. In the delicate balance of the House, the Powell amendment can defeat most bills of substance. An Administration which had found him wonderfully agreeable until now – he frames his White House invitations on his office wall – discovered that he had to be appeased again, as Talmadge and Eastland must be appeased.

Powell went back to the source of his power, as does every politician when he is in trouble. There had come to him, as to Eastland in a primary, the moment when he needed the weight and sympathy of the poor in his district. He cried out to great rallies from Harlem to Washington. He sat on a platform with, among others, Malcolm X, then the Black Muslim Harlem leader, and he warned an audience that filled Harlem Square that the NAACP was controlled by white people and that the Negro must fight alone for anything he gets. The menace in Powell's voice on these occasions affronts respectable people. The black nationalists had better judgment; they welcomed Powell's brief rest in their temple with that charming realism which is one of their many distinctions from the White Citizens Council.

"We are not really comfortable with Adam Powell on our side because it happens so seldom," Lowell Beveridge wrote in *Liberator*, a left black nationalist journal. "But Powell has demonstrated an important difference between himself and his critics." When another Negro leader "gets in trouble," Beveridge went on, "he takes off his hat" and goes to some white power figure whose client he is. "But, when Adam Powell gets in trouble, he puts on his hat and goes to Harlem Square because that is where his power lies."

Adam Powell's voice moved over his great audience: "The white man has given the Negro just about all he intends to give him. . . . There is no future for the black man that he does not fight for. . . . There is no future for the Negro until he is proud that he is black and black in his thinking."

That is his platform prose. The style when Powell

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really cares is sparser, as all real emotion is. He is at his most intense in the message the State Department sent to the embassies last August announcing the arrival of Adam Powell and staff to study Western Europe: "Congressman Adam C. Powell . . . . and staff members traveling Western Europe in accordance following itinerary: August 8, sailing *Queen Mary* arriving Southampton, August 13; Paris, August 16; Venice, August 20; Rome, August 23; Athens, August 27; Delphi, August 30; sailing *Leonardo DaVinci*, September 15 from Gibraltar. . . . Codel and party authorized use local currencies 19FT561. . . . London request three tickets August 14 and 15 best shows playing, except Broadway plays. Paris codel desires use US Army car with chauffeur. Reserve three for first show and dinner best table for Lido August 16. Southampton codel requests be met at *Queen Mary* Cherbourg with equivalent $100 in local currencies for each member party."

Only Powell could have dictated those terms; this is the ground upon which he stands and fights for his rights as an American; this tone, not the other, is Adam Powell, the defiant.

Pastor and the Elders

What he defies may be something more complicated than we usually think. He carries another load on top of the burden of having been born a Negro. He was also born into the respectable Negro upper middle class of New York in 1906, which brought him into active adolescence after the First World War. The Elders of the Abyssinian Baptist Church he inherited must remind him of the Elders he grew up with, in composite a quiet man with gold-rimmed glasses and bald head neatly set in a white backdrop, in a black suit, free of sin or hunger and tempted last no one remembers when. These obscure people have, in ritual at least, effected a comfortable compromise with their conspicuous pastor; their church is country Episcopal in decorative tone; Powell appears before them in a cassock with red frogging. Their taste for the discreet and his for the elegant have found a common ground of the simple.

The Elders are as proud of him as he is of himself. His first two wives were public entertainers. The Elders have accepted this defiance without the smallest resentment. Powell does not, though, seem quite so satisfied with the Elders. "I told them," he said after his first sermon this month, "that if they did not understand what was happening in Birmingham, their children would some day spit on their graves." That is a strange statement from a loving pastor who comes to a devoted congregation. But these old people may have the misfortune of reminding him of the prison of his childhood. You think of Adam Powell's gaudy reputation as a sinner and then you remember that he is one of its prime sources. A man who contributes quite this much brushwork to his own image as romantic adventurer must have some point to make.

When Powell had finished in church on that first Sunday in May, he stood in his office and began loosing his cassock to uncover the blue-striped collar underneath. He evoked the memory of Rinehart in Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*, a numbers runner by day, an evangelist by night. Powell was saying that he had just finished an article on the malpractices of Congressmen for a national magazine; the transition from the spiritual Powell to the temporal Powell was almost over. He snapped his braces; the Deacons had gone, the political runners had come; and there stood broker and prophet, the great mystic symbol of moral ambivalence which necessity has enforced on Harlem.

The next Wednesday, the one before Mother's Day, Adam Powell came early to his Congressional office; he had been on television in the morning to explain that he hadn't really said what he had really said two days before. Now he had nothing to do until 11, when he would go to the Rules Committee, "because Judge Smith promised me a rule."

He talked about Birmingham and wondered if he should call a press conference; he talked about how his picture in *Ebony* was a higher artistic product than his picture in *Look;* he asked if I had read a piece about him in *Newsweek*. He passed then to the work of his Committee on Education and Labor.

"I have," he said, "four or five PhD's down there." It was the tone of the collector; the Jaguar is 10 years old now; he has moved to a higher form of display; he subsidizes the social sciences. "Have you seen my study of Labor and the Common Market. That's what came out of my trip to Europe last August." He took a telephone call; I thumbed through the committee study, noted the chairman's acknowledgement of all the distinguished, unnamed, Europeans who had helped him in his studies, ran through a text that a competent man could have whipped up without leaving the Library of Congress, and found no mention of the teeming industrial complexes which drew the chairman and his staff to Europe. "Now," said Powell proudly, "Kefauver's going to go and make the same study."

"I was sitting in Spain and I read in *Newsweek* about shared time which is one way to help the parochial schools. I tore it out and mailed it to my education chief and told her to get to work on it and call a conference of the Catholics and the Protestants and work out something and, when I got back she had a bill ready for me. It could be the first breakthrough on this issue."

It is not easy to take seriously a man who is chairman of a great Congressional committee and who studies industrial development on the Grand Canal or sits on the rock of Gibraltar and thinks up solutions to

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Congressman at Large

the parochial school problem. Yet, the reality seems to be that Education and Labor is a good committee and is advancing toward excellence. Men who bear him minimum goodwill judge Powell to be a brilliant chairman, brilliant being a word to define talent and not application. When one considers all his distractions, his operation of this committee with barely half his mind is the best witness to the size of that talent. Education and Labor is enormous; it is charged to engage and manages to pass more bills of substance than any other in the House. Powell keeps it moving by delegating authority to his subcommittees. He listens to his chairmen and takes their advice and is a prodigy with the gavel when they need it. His attention span is limited, but he astounds his colleagues by the speed with which he can grasp a bill and the positions on it and then direct a coherent discussion of its merits on no more than a briefing five minutes before a session.

Detached observers rate him low only as a tactician managing a bill on the floor; he goes against the hostility of a basic portion of the House and his old impulse at public defiance cannot always be held back.

"Still, I worry when I think that son-of-a-bitch is going away for a month," one Congressman said last week. "I don't know what will happen to that committee without him if it has some important legislation."

And there sat Adam Powell in his office, having earned these compliments from men who do not cherish him. He went on talking about his committee as if it were a boat he owned and wasn't quite sure how it ran. He stopped because he had to get to his only real business of the day.

Study Abroad

He is going to Geneva in June as a delegate to the International Labor Organization Conference, and the rule he wanted from Howard Smith was one authorizing him to draw counterpart funds during his stopover in France. He and Congressman James Roosevelt came together and sat side by side; Judge Smith expressed his anxiety to serve them. Powell explained that a month was too long for one man to be away during the heat of the Congressional session, so he and Mr. Roosevelt were dividing the ILO delegate's assignment. Each planned to be away for three weeks, which seemed odd because it meant that, with two delegates sharing the load, the House would be short the equivalent of one body for six weeks while, if one had gone alone, it would be a body short only four.

Then Congressman Roosevelt said that his committee was interested in the problem of national strikes and that he thought this would be a good time to study the European practice of arbitration, etc., and he had decided that the three best capitals in which to discuss labor problems are Rome, Paris and Tel Aviv. He would need counterpart funds to finance these researches. Powell almost snickered aloud at this modest effort at counter-parody, but Judge Smith looked gravely courteous and asked Roosevelt what were the counterpart regulations at the moment. Powell intervened with an answer so thunderingly authoritative that no one tried again; Powell stood unchallenged, the Clarence Cannon of the free load.

"How we gonna operate without you two boys?" asked Clarence Brown of Ohio.

"We'll miss you," Powell answered.

"We've missed you quite often in the past," said Clarence Brown and Powell laughed with the delight of a man who sees at last the light shining in the window for him. Then his voice shifted to the tone of high state business: "Inasmuch as I'm going by surface. . . ."

Some poor Republican said he was confused; he'd voted the other day for a bill limiting Congressional junkets; he didn't understand the bill but might it not apply here?

"No," Judge Smith answered, "that bill has to pass the Senate before it becomes law." Another moral fire was burning out. It ended with Jimmy Roosevelt offer-

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ing a story lame from inexperience at this sort of thing, while Adam Powell sat beside him injecting severities like: "The best thing to do is to get receipts for everything and bring the receipts back."

"Now wasn't that civilized?" he said on the way out of the committee chamber. "Clarence Brown, the arch conservative, kidding us and me kidding him back. After all this fuss, you walk in there and they give you counterpart funds without a word." It had been so long since he could feel this clubbable. He felt absolved; somewhere in some invisible world of the spirit another Adam Powell could be sensed absolving the NAACP. There remained just one more switch of the tail before he settled at the fireside. He stopped by the press gallery and announced a conference on Birmingham in 20 minutes; he could not have conceived a neater way to measure just how much his three weeks wild and on the loose had impressed the Administration with his capacity for mischief.

It took him 10 minutes to get to his office. The Attorney General's office was waiting at the telephone. "That was quick," said Powell. He had tested loud and clear.

He was silent for a long while; the Attorney General must have been talking with an urgency a little larger than needed. "Concessions?" Powell said at last. "Token concessions? Real concessions. Fine." He assured the Attorney General of his lasting benevolence and hung up. There was a call from Mrs. Powell in Puerto Rico. "I've just come back from Judge Smith's; he gave me the money for our trip." He would be home for Mother's Day. The reporters came in; Adam Powell explained that the Attorney General had just called to lift the cloud of Birmingham from his brooding spirit. "I want personally to pay tribute. . . ."

It was a little after three. The workday was over. "Hell, I'm pooped," he said. "I'm going home to get some sleep." Walking away, he talked about how much he liked the Southerners and what a gentleman Judge Smith is. Two colleagues passed him. His smile – it had been such a good day – was a shade more effusive than theirs; but theirs was up to the standard of club members. "Mississippi," said Adam Powell. Perhaps they were Mississippi Congressmen; they were certainly anonymous enough to be anything. Still it seemed so pat for them to come along at precisely the moment when they were needed on stage to support the part that Adam Powell was once again writing for himself. It is the part of Gaylord Ravenel.

Five day later, the House voted to disapprove Powell's and Roosevelt's trip. The State Department, of course, automatically took over their bills, since they are US delegates to an international conference. Powell still had his trip but he no longer had his sense of a place in the club. "It's stupid," he said seriously. "They vote not to give me counterpart funds, so I just turn around and get more than that from State. Now they won't even know how much I spend." But then he settled back and offered the illusion of the week before: "Look at the record; they talked about Roosevelt more than about me." There was the balm, too, that Judge Smith and Clarence Brown, the elders of the Rules Committee, had kept their faith and voted on the House floor to approve his trip. Judge Smith, he said again, was a gentleman. Thus do two civilized men, Adam Powell of New York and Howard Smith of Virginia, look at one another across the mass of yahoos.

Let's Spend More

by Hobart Rowen

The President says that it is the responsibility of those who oppose his tax program to offer an alternative. He was addressing himself to his conservative critics – those who would cut the budget – and certainly not to me, but his proposal is fair, and I will try to meet it. My thesis is an extremely simple one: President Kennedy's tax program will not stimulate the kind of economic growth that is needed by the United States.

Whatever benefits would be derived from the tax program, assuming that it passes, would be at a very high cost – namely, a budget control policy which already is reflected in a freeze of non-defense spending in the 1964 budget, and which will be continued under present plans for three years. What is needed instead is more federal spending on worthwhile programs for slum clearance, education, health, power, and not just public works. This spending policy will and should

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involve greater rather than lesser federal deficits.

I don't object to a straightaway reduction in tax rate, if it is concentrated in the lower brackets. But a tax cut will give the economy merely a temporary spurt. For lasting growth, as Gunnar Myrdal has pointed out, we need substantial changes in our attitudes toward public expenditures. After eight years of brainwashing by the Eisenhower Administration on the sins of deficit-spending, however, any proposal substantially to increase government spending will encounter enormous political opposition.

Therefore, a first and basic step that should be taken is a reformation and modernization of the federal budget, to put it on a basis comparable to modern governments – indeed, comparable to modern corporations – so that expenditures for true investments are disentangled from expenditures for normal operations. Only when we have some form of capital budget – the so-called "above the line" and "below the line" budget – can we begin to plan intelligently for heavier federal spending, properly financed. Specifically, I recommend the establishment of a high-caliber commission – comparable to the Commission on Money and Credit – to make recommendations to the President and Congress on budget reform.

The President and Walter Heller deserve great credit for their willingness to present and defend an unbalanced budget; it took a certain amount of guts to talk about tax cuts when they were faced with a deficit to begin with. Yet the Administration has been obsessed with the idea that it must not exceed Eisenhower's $12.4 billion deficit, or exceed a $100 billion spending figure this year. So with Secretary Dillon in the background, they spread the tax cut over three years – with only $3 billion of the cut becoming effective this year. That's nearly $1 billion *less* than scheduled increases in state and local and social security taxes – which hit the lowest income brackets hardest.

Far-off Full Employment

As a matter of fact, the Administration's projections don't count on any reduction in unemployment at all this year as a consequence of the Kennedy tax program. The $578 billion economy they originally predicted (or the slightly more optimistic current guess of $583 billion) will leave the nation as far short of full employment at the end of the year as it was at the beginning. The interim goal of four percent unemployment is two years off.

Counting part-time unemployment, the jobless rate is, of course, even higher than the 5.5-6.0 percent current range. The Labor Department estimates the more inclusive figure at about one percent over the usually publicized number. An even more revealing measure of unemployment is the percentage of the labor force that is out of work for some significant period during the course of a given 12 months, and this figure is astonishing: nearly 20 percent – or 15 million persons are out of work at some time or other (and maybe more than once) during the year. And of these, 5 million are out of work for three months or longer. These are the young, the old, the unskilled, the Negro, the uneducated and those who wither away in depressed areas. Some of these people (and I've talked to many of them in the past few months) believe that they will never again hold a job, and that's a kind of living death.

What will a $3 billion tax cut this year, or a $6 billion tax cut next year do about this? Will it give the economy, running at an annual rate of better than $570 billion, much of a shot in the arm, with automation cancelling out 35,000 jobs a week, and about 25,000 new people coming into the labor force each week?

I don't think so, and I'd like to know who really does. Yet advocates of a tax cut assume that every dollar thus released by the government will be spent again and again. They use a multiplier of 2.5 times. On that basis, if the Administration got a $10 billion tax cut all at once (which it isn't asking for) it might add $25 billion to the Gross National Product.

The Joint Economic Committee uses a combined multiplier-accelerator (to cover the stimulus to investment as well as to consumption) of 3.8. Let's use that, and assume a $10 billion tax cut all at once. That would add $38 billion to the GNP after a reasonable period, which the Joint Committee set at two years.

Now, I want to call attention to some other numbers. Nat Goldfinger, Research Director of the AFL-CIO, has produced a unique study based on statistics available to anyone. Goldfinger took the increases in the Gross National Product and the increases in employment in the last three recovery cycles, from the low point to the high point. Using constant dollars, what he found was startling: in this last recovery, it took twice as much GNP to create one job as it did in the 1958-60 period, and four times as much as in the 1954-56 cycle. The actual figures are $39,667 per job in the 1961-62 period, $20,567 in 1958-60, $10,725 in 1954-56.

To put it another way, every additional billion dollar increase in the GNP from the beginning of 1961 to the end of last year provided only 25,210 jobs. In the 1954-56 period, each billion increment made 93,241 jobs.

Goldfinger assigns two basic reasons for this trend: automation or greatly increased productivity; and the big swing from traditional military weapons to missiles and electronic gear. This sophisticated weaponry employs fewer men per dollar.

What happens when this higher cost of adding jobs

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to the economy is measured against the extra GNP that might be produced by a tax cut?

To make sure that the calculation is reasonable, I have arbitrarily reduced Mr. Goldfinger's $40,000 per job in the last recovery cycle to $30,000, which allows for the prospect that productivity may not rise as sharply in the next two years of the business cycle. He agrees that this is a fair adjustment.

If $30,000 is then divided into $38 billion – the extra GNP to be added to the economy using the Joint Committee multiplier – it would provide nearly 1.3 million jobs. But this is only half of the number by which the labor force can be expected to increase in the two-year period. So, taking the biggest multiplier that's been suggested, combined with a bigger immediate tax cut than has been proposed, the Administration would wind up two years from now with more unemployment than we have at the moment.

That's my first point. The second concerns spending.

A Bigger Public Budget

I doubt that many people realize how closely intertwined with his tax program is the President's determination to keep the lid on expenditures. There is a firm control policy in force on non-defense spending. This has never been attempted before. It is true that Eisenhower put a ceiling on defense spending, but, in effect, what we have now is a ceiling on *non-defense* spending.

At the American Banker's forum on February 26, President Kennedy gave this as the fifth and final point in "the framework of fiscal prudence and economic necessity" in which his tax program was presented: "No budget will be submitted by this Administration which does not continue a persistent and surprisingly unpopular program of cutting costs, increasing efficiency, and weeding out obsolete activities."

This theme – that there is an expenditure control policy that goes arm in arm with tax cuts – has been hammered at by Dillon, Heller and Undersecretary of the Treasury Henry H. Fowler, in at least 20 different appearances they have made in the past two months. Here is one example, from a speech by Dillon to the American Bankers Association in Princeton on March 7: "After enactment of the tax program, a substantial portion of the increased revenues that can be expected in the years ahead will be devoted to reducing and eliminating the budgetary deficit. This policy is an integral and essential part of our financial and tax program. In recognition of the need to accompany tax reduction with rigorous expenditure control, several billions of dollars were cut from estimates developed only a few months ago. Programs that in other circumstances might have been expanded were cut back or deferred. Efforts to achieve economies – including within the Department of Defense – were intensified. And we are proceeding vigorously with efforts to substitute private for public credit wherever feasible."

Page 11 of the President's budget message lays this policy out very clearly. Budget Director Kermit Gordon considered it so significant that he singled it out for special attention at the budget seminar conducted for newsmen. In effect, the Budget Bureau has been given its orders for the next three years – and those orders are: maintain a ceiling on non-defense spending.

This has been overlooked or shouted down because the Republicans, as usual, are saying that too much money is being spent, although the federal budget has been on a 16 percent plateau of the Gross National Product for the past several years. Here we are, a big and growing country, and on a per capita basis, the federal government spends less and less on federal services every year.

Yet we have needs that cry out – better and more hospitals, schools, slum clearance. The President's Economic Report last year had some forthright things to say about investment in public services: "Accelerated economic growth will require increased public investment just as it will require increased private investment. . . . If our economy is to use its productive resources in reasonable accordance with a consensus as to national priorities, we must face the question of public versus private expenditures pragmatically, in terms of intrinsic merits and costs, and not in terms of fixed preconceptions."

I agree with that. But the tax program this year ducks this issue. As Myrdal says: "It is fairly generally recognized . . . that there is a serious and irrational bias against public consumption and public investment in America. It is a result of high-pressure salesmanship for private consumption, and traditional suspicion against increasing public budgets."

Moreover, I suspect that even among many who concede the social needs, there is gnawing uneasiness about the soundness of spending so much money. Can we really afford to go so heavily into the red as I suggest? People have a very understandable tendency to compare their own household accounts to the government's operation. We're told, for example, that the federal debt is equivalent to a $1,600 mortgage against every man, woman and child in the US. But this tells us nothing. It's not the same as a $1,600 mortgage on a house, because a true mortgage must be paid off, as the house deteriorates. The national debt doesn't have to be paid off, and probably never will. It must be "rolled over," that is, continuously financed, and as long as the national income is rising, financing the debt is not a burden. During World War II, the national debt was

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$260 billion, or 121 percent of a $214 billion economy. As recently as 1950, the debt was running as much as 90 percent of GNP.

But in these terms, today's debt is much less oppressive. At $300 billion, the national debt is only 53 percent of a $570 billion economy – it could go higher, expanding along with the rest of the economy.

In a slim volume published by the Brookings Institution in 1959, called "The National Debt Ceiling," Marshall A. Robinson raised the question: How large a debt can we bear? He came to the same conclusion the Committee for Economic Development did in 1958 – "we can afford what we have to afford."

I spent a brief period in the Common Market countries last summer, and in each of them there is a growth rate vastly superior to ours. It is no coincidence that all of them are much more ready to accept deficit spending, and in fact, have a much more modern form of budget. I think Senator Douglas was the first to point out that some of these countries that prodded us to have "fiscal integrity," would have had deficits in every year of the last 10 if they kept their books the way we do. To put it another way, our budgets would have looked much less out of whack – and indeed, on a realistic basis, would have been much less out of whack – if we had some form of a capital budget. For instance, President Kennedy's own budget document this year identifies $10.8 billion in expenditures that are classified as investments, acquisitions, recoverable loans and the like. Depending on definition, there are additional billions that might be considered real assets.

A very prominent Administration official once said to me: "If AT&T kept its books the way the federal government does, they'd have a deficit every year, too."

There have been attempts made to persuade the Kennedy Administration to give consideration to budget revision. David Bell, who was budget director last year, turned them down – at least the more inclusive ideas like capital budgeting – for many reasons. For one thing, it's a delicate trick: one can stand accused of shuffling the figures under the table. The problems of definition are unquestionably tough. Some people would call one thing an investment, others wouldn't.

Spur from the Left

But surely, there are some things that *are* assets. There is a real difference between a federally-owned and operated dam, arsenal, or electronic computer installation, and the money spent for paper clips or Congressional junkets. Yet, in our budget presentation, they're added up into the same accounts.

There is a difference between a loan to France, which gets repaid (indeed, we've relied heavily on some of those repayments) and – say – outright grants to the states. Yet, they're added up together.

We need a modern budget – and when we get one, we can join the 20th Century. We might even be able to do a little planning – another one of those bad words. It was a member of the present Administration who said: "In Europe, they have succeeded in moderating the business cycle to the point where their growth is just somewhat less in certain years than in others. We see no reason, with appropriate tax policies and appropriate fiscal and monetary policies, that we can't achieve something akin to that."

The man who said that was Mr. Dillon at his seminar on the budget, January 17. If Mr. Dillon can go that far, some of the others of us who are interested in growth can press even harder.

One of the reasons Mr. Kennedy is having trouble "getting the country moving again" is that his friends have been too easy on him. The labor movement, especially, has rolled itself up in a cozy corner where it treasures its party invitations from the White House and hesitates to raise the dickens.

James Reston celebrated the return of the *New York Times* with a story saying that Mr. Kennedy was frustrated on all fronts, including the economic. He wrote that "President Kennedy is deeply worried about the economy, and feels that radical measures are necessary to meet what he regards as a radical problem. But the Congress and apparently the country are not in a radical but moderate mood."

Well, it's up to Mr. Kennedy to lead Congress and the country the way he feels they should be led, but he needs help from his friends. He needs a spur from the left of center to balance the persistent pressures on him from the right.

One gets the feeling that because of Mr. Kennedy's sensitivity to criticism, those within his official family temper even their internal observations and suggestions. The President must certainly be the final judge of the scope of his program and of political realities. But his economic advisers, downtown and on the Hill, official and unofficial, should maintain a flow of ideas to him – whether or not they seem to match the latest reading of the Congressional mood.

The President should approve this nudging, in the final analysis. For what we lack in our current economic crises is imagination and a sense of boldness. To stimulate economic growth, we need to substitute some challenging thought for the old bromides about budget balance and expenditure control. We need to apply, instead, something like the standard of urgency and the spark of creativity to which we are driven – desperately – in wartime. Why wait for wartime to use our combined brains? Let's declare war on unemployment!

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The Smile of Safety

What Are We Being Told About Cuba?

by Charles Burton Marshall

The Communist build-up in Cuba, as Hans Morgenthau noted in *Commentary* some months ago, "is detrimental to the intellectual and emotional health of our body politic." One aspect of this important ill effect concerns the discourse of our government and of those who undertake to interpret its attitudes to the public. To understand this, one must take into account the predisposition of ruling groups.

It is not enough for high officials to have their policies – if the term is apt – made binding. In that sense public support is not even a problem: the Kennedy Administration clearly has the authority to carry through on whatever course it elects to follow on Cuba. No one of us would know how to undercut it even if we would. Beyond adherence, however, a government covets admiration. This is due only in part to pride and vanity. An Administration must strive to maintain inner morale, to hold to a sense of serving faithfully and well in matters entrusted to its keeping. An obvious and immediate measure of success is general consent to its undertakings. For its own sake, an Administration must cultivate the public and weigh its opinion.

In fantasy, one might picture this Administration appealing for indulgence regarding Cuba. It might own to the difficulties of having had some of its top men learning on the job. It might concede a want of prudence or a sag of nerve at the time of the Bay of Pigs. It might confess to a default of timely warning against Soviet deployment of conventional forces to Cuba. It might admit to having improvidently eased off the October crisis on the narrow issue of missile placement without achieving a broader and more durable solution. It might candidly say that it has tended to underplay opportunities up to now but hopes to do better.

An Administration would never speak thus. It must insist on having played its cards well even in view of dwindling chips. In a frustrating instance like Cuba, it may be tempted to try to make the best of things by making them out a little better than is warranted by realities. The result is both to mislead the credulous and to leave discriminating souls wondering whether the Administration takes a proper measure of its problems. I, for one, feel put off by much of what the Administration and friendly publicists have been saying to allay misgivings about Cuba – nothing partisan, for I am a Democrat.

I cite as an initial example the premise that Soviet armed forces in Cuba, whatever their numbers, present no military threat. That premise was conveyed recently as a point of information to our armed forces abroad by the Department of Defense. The idea is plausible only if the key term is construed in a narrow, technical sense. Back in Dean Acheson's days in State and George C. Marshall's in Defense, use of the term *military* or its counterpart *political* in so sterile a way was forbidden to subordinates. Why employ it now in so technical and misleading a sense just to butter up the troops?

Another illustration of bad discourse about policy relates to "options" – a conjuring word on the New Frontier. I heard a high figure in this Administration describe policy as a recondite business designed to keep down risks by minimizing the stakes at issue and deferring choice. He then lauded our Cuba policy on the basis of this supposed measure of statesmanship. Nonsense. It only distorts policy to represent it as the art of backing away from issues wherever feasible.

This brings me to a point about interpreting the Soviet Union, especially as personified by Nikita Khrushchev. Our policy seems often to treasure a certain presupposition about him. The Camp David kewpie – rough but tractable, not a bad fellow down underneath – is taken for authentic. That other side to the man – pressing hostile aims at every safe opportunity – is supposed to be aberrant and reluctant. It is all reminiscent of Harry Hopkins' faith that the real essence of Stalin was the genial banquet host, not the ruthless seeker of advantage in negotiation.

Thus the stealthy deployment of Soviet missiles to Cuba is attributed to pressure on Khrushchev from others. The withdrawal of them is accounted for as an act of man's true self in response to an opportunity provided by our armed interposition. His gesture of giving in a little on terms for a test-ban inspection is supposed to show his true colors. The subsequent

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reversal is explained as due to dire compulsion on him. He who smiles and says what we want to hear about Laos is sincere, but the unremitting pressure on neutralists in Laos is Mao's mean doing.

Such persistence in optimistic appraisals showed in the President's explanation of the need to curtail maritime raids by Cuban exiles: they might deprive the Russians of an opportunity to go home – as if the Russians were tarrying out of pride rather than for advantage, awaiting only a moment for graceful exit.

Devotion to looking on the sunny side was carried to even greater lengths in a recent article by Joseph C. Harsch – this time in anticipation of a long Russian sojourn in Cuba rather than an early exit. In the *Christian Science Monitor*, he expounded, without endorsing, a theory that vindicating Cuba's freedom to go and to stay Communist would somehow serve an exemplary purpose in establishing a right for other Communist satellites to break away and to overturn masters – a bit like admitting wolves to the fold so as to set a precedent for sheep to go raiding.

It is said to be less risky for phlegmatic Russians rather than Cuban hotheads to be in charge of weapons on the island. On reading this idea in the writings of three journalists, I attributed it to private heresy. Then I heard it uttered by an Administration thinker. What can one say? Maximilian might have been less risky in Mexico than the Mexicans. Is policy to be beguiled by the smile of safety?

Another characteristic of the Administration's conduct is a preoccupation with consensus – the notion that the main test of a policy lies in getting enough other governments to go along with it. Again and again, I have heard Administration spokesmen try to vindicate our policy by citing the size of a vote garnered in the Organization of American States. I heard one such man the other day count the Russian deployment in Cuba as a positive boon because it had aligned so many Latin American governments with us. The critical question here involves not the outward disposition of these allies but the inner power and durability of the government concerned. Consider the recent conference at San Jose, Costa Rica, where three Presidents of Central American states joined ours in an avowal on behalf of constitutional processes. A few days later one of them was expelled by unconstitutional process.

In a recent speech Vice President Johnson made a big thing of the idea that Cuba is a showcase of Communist economic shortcomings. What Communist country has not been? The rub is that such a showcase is all too likely to display something else – namely, the feasibility of taking over a society, deliberately depressing consumption, and using stringency in combination with monopoly of supply as an instrument of control. Communism has subsisted not on a reputation for generating affluence but on its effectiveness in holding on to power once installed.

What conclusion are we to draw from the exodus of a quarter of a million refugees from Cuba? A recent speech by the Secretary of State interpreted this phenomenon as ominous for the man in Havana, an achievement for US policy. Communist regimes, however, have generally permitted or even abetted the emigration of intractable elements when feasible. When otherwise, as in the instance of China, the regime got rid of opponents by massive executions. The drain may get out of hand and have to be stanched as in the instance of the Berlin Wall. That extreme is not in sight for Cuba. Short of it, the exodus of refugees helps more than it hinders in remolding a society.

In *The New York Times* James Reston has alluded to secret US assistance to guerrillas in Cuban backlands: stuff too deep for officials to own to, but with signs of having come from the horse's mouth – yet not necessarily conclusive, for the horse may be the same as prompted Reston to write 17 months ago that "obviously the United States would not tolerate a Communist regime in Cuba, no matter how freely elected, if that regime allied itself to Moscow and exercised its sovereign rights to maintain a Soviet military base." Let us, however, assume the authenticity of Reston's later report. What it prompts me to say is this: Proxy war does not exempt a nation from obligations. In such concerns a government must not trifle. Encouraging guerrillas is no substitute for policy. Such warfare is not an end but only an early, contingent step toward taking over. The crunch comes with the approach of success. Would we then sustain what we had abetted? Our statesmen must ask themselves this question and answer it in a conclusive affirmative before indulging in any such experiments.

This brings me at least to reflect on an oft-heard assertion that there must be no Hungary in Cuba. The noble cliché begs question. Any situation like Hungary or Cuba is *sui generis*. What is the precise relevant significance of Hungary? Seen in one way, the Hungarian tragedy of 1956 was a rising against Communist rule quelled by outside force while others withheld succor. In another perspective, Hungary represented the interposition of enough Russian forces to save a minion regime under internal threat. In the first sense, the Budapest phase may have occurred in Cuba more than two years ago, at the time of the Bay of Pigs invasion. In the second sense, Soviet forces to cope with any internal uprising are probably the ones already in Cuba – the ones whose lingering presence our officials both publicly deplore and privately explain as having a brighter side.

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A Prize-Winning Anti-Novel

by Hilary Corke

Mallorca is an open-hearted uncomplicated island, with glittering extraverted bays and few of the scars and regrets of history; but with unerring lack of taste someone sought out its only strand that seemed touched with gloom, with something claustrophobic, with some sense of the sinister, and built amidst the too dark pines there a monstrous hotel of pseudo-pomp and chic. With unerring lack of taste, too, this spot was chosen for the annual rendezvous for the International Publishers Prize. The 13 international publishers, and (as I understand) a jury of 50 leading international critics, are lavishly wined and dined for a week (or so they think: but I would call it moderate living at immoderate prices) and finally choose the Best Novel. And how do they choose it? Well, they don't *read* it. After all, poor things, how could they? The competing novels are in a variety of languages and, for the most part, not yet translated into any other. Besides there are such a lot of them. No, what they do is listen to speeches about the novels, made by assorted international literary barkers, and then decide on the basis of the speeches. The Best is chosen. Then last year's lucky novelist receives his check for $10,000, and this year's manager of the Hotel Formentor receives his check for $100,000 or whatever, and the exhausted international lot renationalize themselves, and the cause of literature has perhaps been substantially advanced, or perhaps it has not.

Speculations about Jakob
by Uwe Johnson
translated by Ursule Molinaro
(Grove Press; $3.50)

What has this crypto-comedy to do with literature as one would wish to understand it? The hope would be, nothing. But the interrelation is complex and subtle. Farce and the reality run side by side, sometimes converging and sometimes not, in the dangerously fortuitous manner that suggests a causation that is actually not there. Thus in 1961 the winners were Jorge Luis Borges and Samuel Beckett, the first an excellent choice in every way and the second obviously not a wrong one though he has long passed the stage in which literary prizes are necessary or desirable. In 1962 it was Uwe Johnson, a refugee novelist from East Germany, who certainly needed $10,000. But his book?

Speculations about Jakob, at its simplest level, is about the division of Germany into East and West. The action (let's call it that) takes place in the East. Jakob Abs, a traffic controller on the railroads, is run over by a train in the fog. An accident? Or is there more to it than that? The "speculations" cover his movements in the preceding weeks. There are Cresspahl and his daughter Gesine, who stand to Jakob in the relation of unofficial father and sister. There is Dr. Blach, a lecturer in English, in love with Gesine. There is Jakob's mother, who defects (why?) to the West. There is Rohlfs, a Soviet agent who approaches Jakob (what for? does he succeed?), and presumably has his eye on Gesine, who is working for NATO. So far, so good. But now the difficulties begin.

Johnson is of the German *nouvelle vague*. His philosophy of the novel appears to run something like this: The old novel, with its traditional, and now tedious, characters, action, incident, time-scheme, plot, is dead. This is a new age and it demands a new novel. The way to produce a new novel is to excise from the old novel all the characteristics that have become conventional. When we have done this, then the new novel will stand revealed.

He has rejected, therefore, the method of the *ancienne vague*, or shall we call it *ancien chapeau*? If he had adopted it, he would have used his simple storyline as a basis upon which to erect the superstructure that was what he really wished to build, that is to say an examination of the relative virtues and vices of the societies, and of the theories of society, of East and West; just as Forster, say, in *A Passage to India*, erected upon the simple mystery of what, if anything, happened in a sculptured cave his examination of just the same matter *vis-à-vis* another and earlier East and another and earlier West. But being self-evidently a writer of extreme seriousness, integrity and refusal to compromise, Johnson rejected it root and branch. Instead he has spared no pains to ensure that at least 50 percent of the time we shall be wholly uncertain of who is talking, and about whom, and to whom, and when, and where. He has devotedly guarded against the intrusion of anything that might be amusing, or touching, or stimulating, or moving. He has taken care, this goes without saying, not merely to deny us all answers but also to render all the questions utterly shifting and ambiguous.

It fails, quite simply, because it only cuts away and does not substitute or add. (We may contrast, for instance, the *Alexandria Quartet*, which also excises a lot of the conventional machinery but brilliantly puts new machinery in its place). The questions, the "speculations," which are meant to provide the dynamic, fall absolutely flat, because, being merely human, and being deprived of all normal human literary provender in the book, we regard their answers – or non-answers – with a total absence of interest. Much of the depressive atmosphere of the book derives from the way he writes about men as if they were machines – always observed from the outside, their every physical action described with

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geometrical precision. And from the way he writes about machines, their tedious workings detailed with a ghastly blank-eyed thoroughness, not a tittle omitted; until the distinctions between humans and machines seem about to break down and we are treated to visions, in flat un-stopped paragraphs, of machines riding in machines, and tending machines, and putting other machines in prison. And even this could be acceptable if all were not so level and gray and, in a word, so *joyless*.

Here for instance is what an *ancien chapeau* writer would deal with as "Jakob went into a phone-booth and called his office" – but not Johnson:

"When you dial a number of the telephone, each figure transmits a coded electrical impulse to the corresponding relays of the central office, the relays sift the impulses (the pre-selector raises its arm and automatically finds an open exchange selector) down the line and to the telephone of the desired connection. This also applies to the public pay phones at the city's important intersections in their yellow-painted glass-and-metal booths. Jakob pulled the door in until it clicked into the lock track, movement and noise from the market square seeped thickly through the gap. As he dialed the number of the railroad office, his left hand with the receiver hung to one corner of the phone box, the thin second hand raced around the watch face on his wrist. Beside normal mental and physical fittings, a man must be able to prove possession of a good reputation and an accurate watch to find employment with the railroad."

Etcetera, etcetera.

Extracted like that, of course, it doesn't sound so bad. Indeed the style has obvious, and even original, merits. What I want to indicate is the one thing that one cannot indicate by extract: monotony. For you must imagine a whole book written like that, in uniform tone, without incidental ardor, wayside shrines or casual sweetmeats, in which you never know what is happening nor to whom.

Am I miles behind? Perhaps. But there's a point at which puritanism suddenly become barbarity too, and *Speculations* lies way, way beyond it. I would do almost anything rather than have to read through it again – but one thing I would not do, I would not go and live in East Germany. In that respect, if the total effect of the book is intended to convey the same impact as the total effect of living behind the curtain, then it's not merely an outright failure, it's a howling success too and Johnson deserves every cent of his jackpot.

To put it in a nutshell, there is just one sentence in *Speculations* that really does repay the effort of struggling through it. It occurs on the bottom of page 55 where we read, and I wouldn't know whether to thank the author or the dogged translator:

"Later, in his room, where he had already laid out a clean shirt and his pyjamas and shaving things beside the briefcase on his bed, the bell rang, in his pants, a towel around his wet neck, Jakob went to the door, this time it was the telegraph boy."

It's the only time a bell does ring in anyone's pants, believe me.

Communique from an Army Deserter Probably Italian

Now it's so quiet I can hear a dog
Driving his sheep through the dry valley
Out of sight. I look ahead and back,
There's nothing on the road. I obey
The order of trees.
Look how the sea deserted, pulled out,
Left stray implements, a rabble
Of lizards and snails to mock its majesty.
I salute the snail. Just for a moment
I'd like to be a school of fish leaping
After nothing. But the senators
And generals won't let me. They talk of war:
The end of the world, as if it were theirs.
The thieves! the liars! Long live the child.

When I was a child I made a chariot
Of a rusty spoon; now on a cloudless day,
I've deserted the battle to sack
For soft madonnas and extravagance;
Where Charles the Fifth, part of the landscape,
Rashly posted the conquest of the Roman,
In Peacock satin and Castillian lace,
His red-plumed troops covering the fields down there,
And his cavalry sprawled in the hay.

They've already crippled the fields. Let the living
And the dead beware any government
Or church headed by impotent men – just one
Can pull us all into his rancid sheets.

I call for deserters.

Stanley Moss

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A Giant Step Forward

by Philip Green

It is now clear that with the publication, in 1957, of J. K. Galbraith's *The Affluent Society*, an intellectual revolution had begun, the end of which is not yet in sight. It is easy to pick holes in, or even smash tunnels through, Galbraith's analysis; for example, his ideas about poverty, his proposal for a national sales tax, etc. And yet . . . looking back, it is easy to see how irrelevant all this was, just as the details of any revolution are unimportant when compared to the main thrust. For what Galbraith did, simply and with almost uncaring casualness, was to show that a potentially successful economic system, an object of almost unanimous veneration in the Famous Fifties, had gone morally, aesthetically, and socially haywire. The result was a rediscovery, after what had begun to seem like a permanent hiatus, of the most significant tradition of American social criticism. (Actually, Paul Goodman had adumbrated the same idea years before, in *Communitas;* but no one was reading Goodman then.) In this tradition, in which Lester Ward, Richard Ely, John Commons, Veblen, and Thurman Arnold are important names, one thought has remained vital: that the American business system, in Veblen's famous phrase, amounts to a conspiracy to sabotage the most productive apparatus ever created by man. Galbraith's great achievement was to restate this notion in an intellectual climate where the economic system was so worshipped, as were the commodities it produced, that a comparison between its possibilities and its lags seemed obvious rather than radical. His importance also lay in the fact that he wrote not just wittily but with style and clarity beyond that attained by almost any other economist one can think of; the result was that his assault on what he called "the conventional wisdom" took on the aspect of a clear-eyed hero attacking a gaggle of learned imbeciles: which is exactly what was happening.

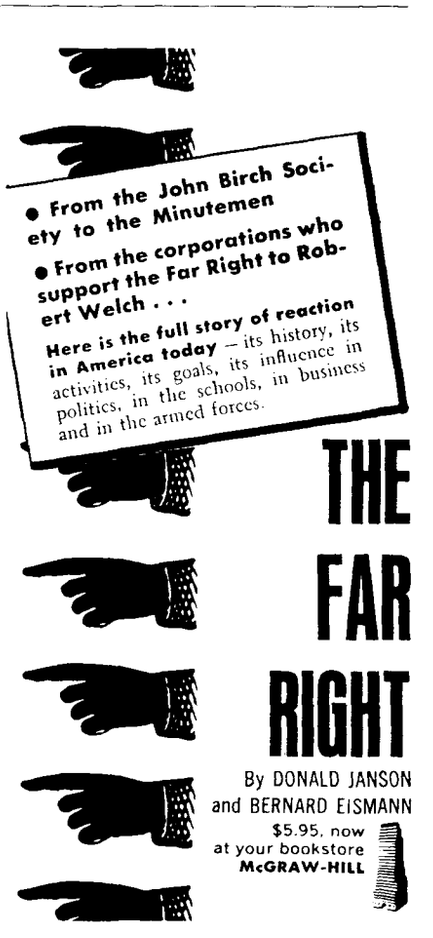
The Paper Economy
by David T. Bazelon
(Random House; $6.95)

Now, with David Bazelon's *The Paper Economy*, the intellectual revolution takes another giant step forward. For Bazelon does more than gibe at the conventional wisdom; he annihilates it. What he does, so to speak, is to advance us to a plateau where the old social and intellectual battles can be fought out at a higher level. From the new heights, radical, liberal, and conservative alike can see that as a "science," classical economics was and is idiotic nonsense (as was, in a way, that part of socialist theory which confused the effects of capitalism with the effects of industrialism); that the real importance of classical economics has always been as an ideology to justify the power of a ruling class; and that we can now get down to the main argument: namely, not who *must* organize and govern society, but who *ought* to.

Bazelon's demolition of the conventional wisdom rests on a simple set of propositions. The purpose of production in society may be either for the profit of the producer or the use of the consumer. In our civilization profit has come to mean not the further accretion of value itself – money (the paper in the "paper economy"). But money is only valuable when something else is scarce. Therefore, the pursuit of profit in the form of money leads to the deliberate creation of scarcity. But we have long since passed the time when scarcity was necessary; the productive system which has reached its apotheosis in the United States is, and for some time has been capable if unconstrained, of creating continual abundance. Q.E.D.: The profit system as we know it is the declared enemy of the good life for millions, if not billions of people; it also sets up as a standard (needlessly in the context of abundance at least) what is no doubt the meanest motive men have ever thought of to justify each other's actions.

A few examples – Bazelon has dozens – will indicate that this critique of the dismal and mean-spirited "science" is not merely an abstract exercise. Take the idea of private property, for instance: when was the last time an angry voice was raised on behalf of the right of the individual to possess real *things*? Would the idea of private property command such veneration if we stopped to think that it almost invariably is asserted as a right to a piece of paper which may never even be attached to a concrete good, but may only be used to pyramid more pieces of paper, more money value? Similarly whose "property" is a mortgaged home, furniture bought on time, a corporation, or the goods sold on the commodity exchange? As Bazelon says:

> "To continue in our circumstances to speak of private property as meaningful and even fundamental, much less as the *only* basis of our liberties, is clearly an intellectual scandal. Most of us are job-holders, paper-holders, and consumers – we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control nothing by property-ownership. And our present powerlessness is based on and daily reinforced by the idea that we do."

By adhering to a philosophy meant to justify the possession of things, that is, the "property-owning" citizen with his used car, second-hand furniture, and five-and-dime dishware, puts his political and economic life into the hands of those who "own" paper – and because of this we all own less real things than we could as individuals, and produce less than we could as a society.

Similarly, the fear of inflation has become virtually a counter-revolutionary force in our society. That fear too is based on a myth: the myth of a "real" price which we could have if only we'd leave the "free market" alone. No doubt prices can be kept stable, if that is what we want to do; but as Bazelon puts it, what a stable dollar stabilizes is production. We have rarely had a stabler dollar than in the last few years – and the economy has been sick. The problem with inflation, on the other hand, is not that prices go up, but that *which* prices go up *how much* is a deliberate choice on the part of those in control of the relevant aspects of the "paper economy"; and the choice is made to reward those who hold "paper," not those who live by the production and consumption of real goods. We have seen in World War II that it is possible to control prices for the latter end – the really social end, that is. (One of the most horrible ironies of our economic system, to which Bazelon continually points, is that it functions at the peak of its efficiency only in wartime.) Is this the ugly spectre of price control rearing its head? Yes – but prices are *always* "controlled": it is only a matter of "the essentially political issue of *who* controls [them] and for *what* purposes."

"Planning" is another term which the conventional wisdom, as manipulated by the ideologues of power, manages to obscure to the point of lying about it, thereby again creating a condition of mindless fear throughout the general public. This peculiarly American fear of "planning" amuses Bazelon:

> ". . . If you get into a discussion about *national* planning with most businessmen, the first argument would in fact be an attack on your suggestion of omnipotence in The Plan. The most devastating argument against any form of national planning is that no goddamn bureaucrat can know everything, therefore no one should plan anything, and anybody who even thinks about it is a Communist. But behind the façade of these childish arguments, competent corporate executives are planning everything they can – strenuously, and with great effect . . . Our economy is not unplanned – it is just planned very badly. And the purposes served by the planning are for the short-term and short-sighted benefit of minority groups – probably less than five percent of the population. Most of the private property in this country is taken from the government in the first instance and then *made* private; it *remains* private by the continual intercession of the government."

The lies we tell ourselves about "planning" also affect the way we look at that other fabulous entity, "small business." There is no reason why we cannot call small businessmen "independent" – if that is what we want to mean by "independent." But then we start thinking that this has something to do with "free competition." Thus, in the name of that "competition" we protect the efforts of the private government of the great corporate concentrations to organize and manage the small business sector – exactly as would the national government if it were doing the job. In military procurement, for example, the large corporations act "as design, purchasing, and assembly agent for the Defense Department"; they "dispense not only their own money, but also the government's," and "*they have the attendant power.*" (Emphasis added.) We might add, even, that in some ways they have *more* power: "Private government in the United States has some very substantial advantages over public government. For one thing, there is not all that mess about getting elected." An interesting result of this total bias in favor of the "private" is that we turn over more and more of the managing and organization of our society to a kind of social system – the corporation – which is completely authoritarian; and our attempts to fit ourselves into the corporate way of life begin to produce the outlines of what Bazelon calls, without exaggeration I think, a kind of "voluntary totalitarianism."

This kind of criticism is not new; what may be not so obvious is the new use to which Bazelon puts it, as compared to his intellectual forebears. That is, Bazelon sees the question of overcoming the nonsense of the conventional wisdom, *not merely as a question of technique, know-how, and intellectual clarification, but as a question of political power.* Veblen, the sometime technocrat, thought the engineers would have to be given a free rein because they were more efficient. Because he accepted the idea, fostered by those with power, that things are the way they are because they have to be that way, it did not occur to him (except on occasions) that some would be satisfied to turn a neat profit out of *in*efficiency, and would bend every effort to keep things that way. Arnold and Galbraith added an element of social criticism to Veblen's analysis, but still wrote in a political vacuum: nowhere in Galbraith's work, for instance, will one find a *political* analysis of why the public sector is starved. And A. A. Berle, from whom Bazelon gratefully borrows many of his ideas and arguments, has thought that if we could only clear up the misconceptions in our minds about what businessmen are really doing, and how things really work, that we could then govern ourselves rationally and create an economic paradise; the questions of power

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Hilary Corke *will be remembered for his controversial article on C. P. Snow and F. R. Leavis in the April 13* New Republic. Stanley Moss *is poetry editor of* Commentary. Philip Green *teaches politics at Princeton.*

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and ideology seem never to have arisen in his mind, except in the utopian notion that a "public consensus" fed by the "lords spiritual" of church and university will somehow arise to control the corporate giants.

In fact, the whole American tradition to which I referred earlier has, unlike the Marxist tradition, been essentially apolitical in its approach (and this is still true of "official" American social science today, from the "functionalism" of sociology to the "group theory" of political science). Business itself is progressing from the classical capitalist creed to the new creed of the managers, but in so doing it is merely catching up to Berle, and thus telling only part, and not the most important part, of the truth.

The root of the matter is that the functional view of society is intellectually inadequate. We will never know anything important if we think of society as a system of functions, which will produce wonders if they are mastered technically. *"Functions" are manipulated, under cover of ideologies, by small groups of people for their own purposes.* To understand society, then, is not to understand, in an uncritical way, how it "works" (that would be dull; who cares? why not study how the sea anemone "works" instead?), but who is *making* it work the way it does – and what the rest of us lose in the process.

Thus, in our society, irresponsible private corporations "compete" with each other in *non*-production – and so we have recessions, unemployment, and poverty. We also have a technology so completely out of control that the situation may already be unredeemable. Our "managerial" society, that is, not only doesn't "work" to maximize any ethical goals (such as egalitarianism, the good life, etc.), it doesn't even maximize production or our control over nature, which together are its whole *raison d'être*. Instead it perpetuates and justifies scarcity, and maximizes the catastrophe of our social, economic and political helplessness in the revolutionary industrial age. In Bazelon's words:

> "A system of property is an abridgment of the liberties of the persons excluded. . . . In economics, everything other than the purely technological is mostly a matter of social politics. No item of the received economic ideology should be allowed in any way to inhibit democratic political activity directed toward the use and disposition of our magnificent productive system."

I might quarrel with Bazelon on some points. He engages in the appeal of "winning the Cold War," which is one of the most dangerous motivations one can play on today. True, he insists that that "War" will not be fought out on military grounds, but as a competition in making the best social revolution. Still, I think we never know what demons one may conjure up when one appeals to the Cold War spirit. Again, I am less sanguine than is Bazelon about the virtue of appealing to the "new intellectuals," as he calls the specialists and technicians among the managerial class, and their instinct to produce. This seems to be Veblenism again, with nothing added except that the possibility of abundance has by now become so undeniable that the ideologues of scarcity must be embarrassed in their attempts to hold back the flood. It is clear in places that Bazelon has strong ethical and aesthetic reactions to the present system; apparently he has played them down in an attempt to seem "realistic": technological appeals to the technologists. Will they listen to this kind of argument, or will they be more swayed by the ideology and the hard facts of power? They *might* turn out to be the new revolutionary class; certainly they are the ones who read all these books – and certainly it is hard to find a potential revolutionary class anywhere else, though Bazelon might at least have *mentioned* unions; one must doubt the wisdom of putting all our eggs in that basket, though.

Having said all this, I must repeat what is really important. This is a major work, both as national self-revelation and as a guide to the future. Intelligent men should no longer be able to deny the connection between ideology and power. We can go on from there.

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TELEVISION

The Camera's Glass Eye

TV is a medium of information and entertainment, and is usually criticized as doing badly on both. But more simply, TV is an extension of the senses; it brings to our eyes and ears a far-off, real scene. This is the "miracle of television." TV was expected to be different from newspapers or documentaries, for they give us the past, edited, and not "what is." It's different too from plays or movies, which are pre-thought and rehearsed and not "reality." In my opinion, it is this sensation of actuality and immediacy which is the chief reason for TV's grip on the viewer. Yet strangely, it is almost never mentioned in criticism, and there is no discussion of what happens to it in the TV network world.

The feeling-of-the-real is an elusive topic in phenomenology, but let us try to catch some of its properties and the nuances by which it is controlled, stifled, or lost in commercial television.

Begin with the sense that the event is being instantaneously broadcast; one is experiencing the present moment. There is here a psychological puzzle. It makes absolutely no difference to what is on the screen whether it is a kinescope or immediate photography; yet the two experiences are entirely different. For instance, if during the evening broadcast of a game, the announcer says, "There's a big crowd here this afternoon," so that one realizes it is a kinescope, and that the score, even if one does not know it, has been *decided*, then subtly but perceptibly the event turns into a dull documentary, watched only for its style. The explanation is, perhaps, that the viewer loses the excitement of feeling that some agent, not himself but like himself, can still make a difference and change everything.

Another aspect of this is that the event and the actors in the event are not pre-determined, but spontaneous. At any moment anything *might* happen in the scene. Something might emerge that is not pre-planned or controlled by anybody. To put it another way, there is no scenario, arrangement of the scene, or posing of the actors by the cameraman or director. The camera work is a candid snapshot. This is the effect so sought in still photography: to avoid any artifice and *nevertheless* be relevant and important. As Cartier-Bresson would say, to catch, in a snapshot, "the decisive moment."

Still another shading of this is that what is photographed is a frank slice-of-life without prior prejudice or censorship of its moral or emotional effect, or of its aesthetic neatness. This is the sense in which a naturalistic novel or an honest documentary is real. Among still-photographers, even for the sake of relevance or interest, the photograph may not be cropped or touched up. The use of any medium involves, of course, selection – pointing the camera, choosing the scene to describe – but from then on there must be no selection; and even the original selection must be as if unsought.

What I want to emphasize is that all such reality-giving properties have been troublesome for commercial TV. On the one hand, it must domesticate the actuality in order to avoid offense, direct its sales-pitch, control the length and quality of the show so as to make an interesting package and sell the time, and cut costs of production. On the other hand, it cannot stifle too much the feeling-of-the-real, lest it lose its grip on the viewers by ceasing to be an instantaneous extension of the senses, becoming instead just a medium of information and entertainment, like a newsreel, lecture, or play.

The resulting behavior is paradoxical. For instance, TV cannot show uncowed and unrehearsed children or eccentric adults – for these might be offensive, embarrassing, boring, image-destroying. Yet finally (apart from genuine creative art, which reconstructs reality entirely), only actually spontaneous behavior is vital and exciting to watch; so producers go to excruciating lengths to achieve controlled spontaneous reactions. In "Truth and Consequences," a real mother is dramatically confronted with her real long-lost son; her reaction is spontaneous, but the framework is so artificial that it is expected that nothing untoward can happen. "Candid Camera" goes in for planned practical jokes, photographed with a telescopic lens and given to us on kinescope, with no doubt hundreds of feet of rejected film where the behavior was *too* spontaneous or simply boring.

For economy and technical convenience, producers have tended to replace live shows with tapes. But then the actors complain that their edge is dulled by not having live audiences, so they are given live audiences to play to. These audiences in turn must be very stringently directed and told when to laugh and when to hush. There is a further advantage in pre-taping in that the show can be conveniently censored, edited, or even erased. Yet TV has to rely on interesting or controversial personalities, and such people are of course restive and resentful about performing under such sanitary conditions. They want to be sure they are *not* edited. They want to speak directly to the big audience for keeps.

Commercial TV has disappointed the original expectation of people that they would have eyes and ears all over the world; there is little broadcasting of actual non-ritual events, instantaneous scenes of the everyday or news-important world. Yet the programs that TV moguls point to with the most pride are almost invariably the broadcasts of live events like political conventions and press-conferences, or newsy documentaries prepared at fantastic expense. But such live events are ritual, schedulable, and safe; everybody knows when the press-conference will occur, and that nothing will happen during it. Documentaries are, of course, past records and edited. There is an amazing change in the aesthetic texture of the screen itself when ordinary everyday commodities are shown without salesmanship, as happens in Persia Campbell's "You the Consumer" on Channel 13 in New York City, but such an easy triumph is out of bounds for commerical TV.

Thus, while the on-going, the spontaneous, the happenstance, the frank are the soul of TV, the quality distin-

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guishing it from any other medium, under the auspices-that-be we get mostly the past record, the format, the artificial, the scheduled, the pre-valued, and increasingly the movie.

The exception is sporting events. In them the ritual that makes the broadcast safe and schedulable is the game itself and its rules; it does not betoken timidity or lack of candor and commitment in the broadcaster or participants – contrasted with the public-relations lack of candor in the press-conferences or the usual panel discussions. Within the rules of the game, everybody is entirely spontaneous and accidents can happen. In this area, then, we can trace some rules of good TV procedure.

Outstanding in TV sporting-events are the naturalness and grace of the motion of the camera, which simply follows ,the play with the logic of attending to each new incident as it happens or is about to happen. Contrast this with the dull stasis of the camera on a lecturer – the wooden cutting or panning in a stiff format discussion, or the close-up of the speaker, the overall shot of the crowd, the long view of the podium – in the usual ritual spectacle.

Sports like hockey or basketball are the most TV-congenial because the camera can give the whole field as the normal shot, moving to follow the puck or ball or, by a natural anticipation, to show the goal. Field-sports, skiing, and gymnastics are also lovely to watch; the camera moves with the athlete, and one sees more than one does at the event itself.

Personally, I watch only baseball with much interest. Here the camera cannot adequately cover the field, yet the broadcasting is pretty good. It is tedious, but not more so than baseball. (It is an acquired taste that millions of us have acquired.) Two games I watched recently exemplified two different reasonable styles of coping with the spatial limitation and the tedium. In one (Yankees), the tedium was simply accepted; the cutting was very spare: normal shot of the pitcher from behind the plate, then we follow the hit, there's the play at the base or in the outfield, or a foul and the umpire tossing in another ball. There was a rather sparse commentary, identifying the batter and his previous times-at-bat, pretty much like a quiet fan with his scorecard. The other (Mets, of course), had 50 percent more motion, showing the batter on deck, the infield after almost every play (as if tossing the ball around), more close-ups of individual players; and with this, more biographical and critical commentary, and a faint touch of the radio-style of exclamatory announcing. This was more like the talkative, busy-strategist fan. In both cases, however, the effect was unforced and pleasant. The broadcasting led where the mind wanted to go. (Though in both instances there ought to have been more crowd noise.)

The commercials sponsoring these sporting events have a different effect than in those in other TV. They are, of course, less annoying because they do not interrupt concentrated thought or subtle feeling. On the other hand, the clash is strong between the reality and logic of the sportscast and the attention-forcing and high-pitched rhetoric of the commercial.

Finally, let me return to a point about programs like "Candid Camera" and "Truth or Consequences." These, as I said, depend on showing spontaneous response in a framework that tightly controls it and insures its being "entertaining," safe, and schedulable. The inevitable emotional effect is sadistic; for sadism is the squeezing and conquering of the vital. The participants are victimized by practical jokes and mollified by prizes and by ruefully joining in the laugh at themselves. Malice is a legitimate spring of comedy; but the chief excitement in these programs comes, I think, from the hope of the untoward, the surprising revenge that alas does not occur except in the viewer's speculations. But when, as in some of the youngsters' programs, the same tight control is maintained over small children and animals, to keep them in format and prevent the untoward, the sadistic effect is not comic at all, but frightening and positively sickening. The need to keep reality acceptable, to meet the split-second scheduling and achieve the planned effects of entertainment, information, and ballyhoo – but in a medium that is basically a neutral extension of the senses – leads to wooden behavior, arbitrary pacing, and pervasive anxiety.

PAUL GOODMAN

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FILMS

A Near Hit: More Art than Matter

Paul Newman's new film *Hud* is the best American picture since Newman's *The Hustler*. Its distinctions are his and Patricia Neal's performances, Martin Ritt's direction, James Wong Howe's camera work, and the swift, sharp knife-play in the dialogue – by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank Jr. out of a novel by Larry McMurty.

It tells the story of Hud Bannon, a

Hud (Paramount)
Sanjuro (Toho)

cattleman in present-day northwest Texas, who lives on his aging father's ranch along with his youthful nephew and a thirtyish housekeeper. As work permits, Hud hustles his Cadillac convertible from bars to bedrooms, pursuing pleasure fairly savagely. Between him and his father is long-standing enmity; his nephew adores him. At the end he is left alone. His father is dead; the housekeeper, who might have loved him, is driven off by his vicious physical assault; the nephew has lost his adoration and has left. Hud, unrepentant, goes into the empty house, opens a bottle of beer, and defiantly pulls down the shade of the door.

Martin Ritt, a Brooklyn boy, disproves yet again the critical fallacy about having to be born in a place to deal well with it in art. He gives us the size and loneliness of the country – a size only emphasized nowadays by the puny sound of pocket transistor radios. In the middle of its vastness, the facts of living – the chores, the food, the fun – are depicted in telling strokes, as the story moves. A common and justified complaint about American films is that they fail to mine the realities of American life. Ritt does much to answer that charge here. He has rendered this facet of America in scope and in detail. He has carefully avoided clichés about its rawness. He has not moved in like a satirical tourist, to mock it and run; he has endeavored to understand it, to show the relation between this gaunt demanding country and the men who live by answering its demands.

His handling of the near-rape scene shows that he has been attentive to De Sica and Hitchcock, but to learn, not to imitate. His outdoor scenes – the greased-pig contest, the shooting of the diseased cattle, for examples – show a fine grip of the essences of action. In his earlier films, such as two Faulkner abortions and *Paris Blues*, Ritt's direction was tainted with the superficially arty, the clever. As with Lumet, one could see intelligence and ambition but little self of value, only self-concern. Ritt's Hemingway film, *Adventures of a Young Man*, for all its streaks of marshmallow, disclosed some sense of the epic, some matching of method and material. In *Hud* his techniques are so firmly in hand that he can forget about them, and he is sufficiently confident in his talent not to worry about displaying it. This film puts him in the front rank of contemporary American directors. If he lacks Stanley Kubrick's ingenuity and wit, he has passed through portentousness to some true seriousness and has transformed egotism into solid personal style.

Similarly, Newman confirms his place in the front rank of American film actors – a rank that at present contains few besides Brando, with Lemmon and Cary Grant at their best. My one reservation is that he needs to change his pace; Hud, as a role, contains too many colors similar to his roles in *The Hustler* and *Sweet Bird of Youth*. Miss Neal, with her lovely mezzo voice and, one might say, lovely mezzo eyes, gives a performance of wit, womanliness, and reticent dignity. Brandon de Wilde's part is similar to his part in *All Fall Down*: adulation that withers and leaves him free. Ritt handles him so that his personal appeal – his youthful freshness – operates on the audience, but there is no clear evidence as yet that de Wilde can really act. His eyes, for instance, are generally dead. Melvyn Douglas, the father, has presence and understanding, but his heaviness engenders a sense of a performance derived from other performances (from Charles Bickford, for one) rather than a re-creation of life from life sources.

The film's faults are in the structure of its script. First, some of the small movements of the story are surprisingly trite in view of the freshness of the dialogue. Examples: The fight in the bar over the boy's flirtation is reminiscent of numerous corny Westerns. Hud's responsibility for his brother's death is telegraphed early, although much hugger-mugger is wrapped around it, and it lacks any impact when it is finally explained.

More important, the script is incomplete thematically. The mutual antagonism between father and son is poorly grounded. "My mama loved me, but she died," says Hud. Why didn't his father love him, too? The accident that caused his brother's death (a stilted device, anyway) came much later.

The main point of the script, I take it, is to dramatize the slackening of discipline from one generation to the next.

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Hud is cynical about moral values in what he believes is a corrupted world. But there is no reason in this film for his beliefs. Everyone concerned with him behaves decently; and as for progressive deterioration, his nephew, a newer generation, is as rigorous as the old man. When the nephew leaves at the end, Hud shouts after him, "You'll find out the world is full of crap." But the only "crap" in the story is what Hud himself puts in it, and as a possibly good man warped by a warped world, his case is simply non-existent.

Thus the script looks less like a valid drama than a vehicle for Newman, pushed and prodded to give him certain tones and opportunities. Further, it depends implicitly on a body of psychological plays and films that have preceded it, as if they carried its roots and generation, as if we were meant to recognize this character and dilemma out of equal parts of Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams, and Inge, well stirred and set out in the Panhandle sun to boil. The film lacks its own solid, convincing *raison d'être*, so, despite its highly impressive execution, the net experience is theatrical in a derogatory sense.

There is a parallel between *Hud* and Akira Kurosawa's latest film, *Sanjuro*. This is a further adventure of its eponymous hero, the penniless wandering samurai of *Yojimbo*, again played by Toshiro Mifune. In execution the film cannot be faulted. It seems to me flawlessly directed, excellently acted by, among others, Mifune and Tatsuya Nakadai, the pistoleer of the earlier film who appears here as another arch-enemy of the samurai. The final silent confrontation of the two, which is snapped by slashing violence, is drama at its source. But the content of the film is so slight as to be transparent. It has even less texture than its predecessor, is even more sheerly an action film: good guys, bad guys, and the "lone gun" – a *seeming* bad guy with heart of gold. One wonders how the people who could make a film so superbly could be content to make one so shallow.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

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RECORDS

Singers, Symphonies, Quartets

It seems incredible that anyone at this late date should repeat the old nonsense about Berlioz's being only a gifted amateur (clearly nonsense about someone who received the professional training of the Paris Conservatoire); but the statement, uttered with pontifical solemnity, did nevertheless turn up not long ago in *The New Yorker*. Berlioz had difficulties at the Conservatoire and failed in his first three attempts to win the Prix de Rome; but the third of the unsuccessful works, *Cléopatre*, can now be heard on Columbia ML-5838 (mono); and with the orchestra's very first measures it reveals the true reason for the difficulties and failures. The writing is not the fumbling product of unschooled, or as yet unmatured, powers; on the contrary, it exhibits – most impressively in Cleopatra's invocation, "*Grands Pharoans*," over the orchestra's powerful ostinato – absolute assurance in a style that is completely individual and formed. In this it is like the writing of that other "gifted amateur," Musorgsky (who did achieve his assured competence without academic training); and it affected, and still affects, some professional listeners as Musorgsky's did: what was individual in the writing struck these listeners' ears as an amateur's clumsiness or error. As for the performance on the Columbia record, Jennie Tourel hasn't the lovely voice she once had, but she retains the powers of one of the most distinguished musicians of our time, which make her singing in this piece an engrossing and affecting operation; and she is supported effectively by Bernstein with the New York Philharmonic. The reverse side has Ravel's *Schéhérazade*.

That distinguished musician of an earlier period, Elena Gerhardt, whose performances of Wolf songs were reissued on Rococo 5202 a few months ago (Rococo has just issued the corrected 5202 with complete *Nun wandre, Maria*), is to be heard on Rococo 5207 in Schubert's *Du bist die Ruh'*, *Der Tod und das Maedchen* and *Wohin*, Schumann's *Mondnacht* and *Ich grolle nicht*, Wagner's *Schmerzen*, Strauss' *Staendchen* and *Wiegenlied* and *Wolf's Verborgenheit*, among other songs, and "*O del mio dolce ardor*" from Gluck's *Paride ed Elena*. Most of them were recorded (with Nikisch at the piano) in 1907 and 1911, when Gerhardt was in her twenties; and in these one hears not only the loveliness that is to be expected in the young voice but, astonishingly, the same wonderful inflection of voice and musical phrase as in the few she recorded at fifty. The later voice is still beautiful; and the matured art makes the delivery of the sustained phrases of Gluck's aria something to marvel at. What remain to be reissued are the electrically recorded performances of Schubert songs, including several from *Die Winterreise*.

Of the celebrated singers who made the group of recordings that Columbia issued in 1903 and has reissued now on M2L-283, the most impressive – by virtue of the range and power of her voice and the mastery of various styles, including the florid style of Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* – is Schumann-Heink. Giuseppe Campanari uses a fine baritone voice effectively; but Edouard de Reszke at this late date in his career, Scotti, Gilibert and Suzanne Adams don't demand attention today; and what is interesting about Sembrich is the contrast between her reputation as "the great musician among singers of her time" and the distorted phrases in

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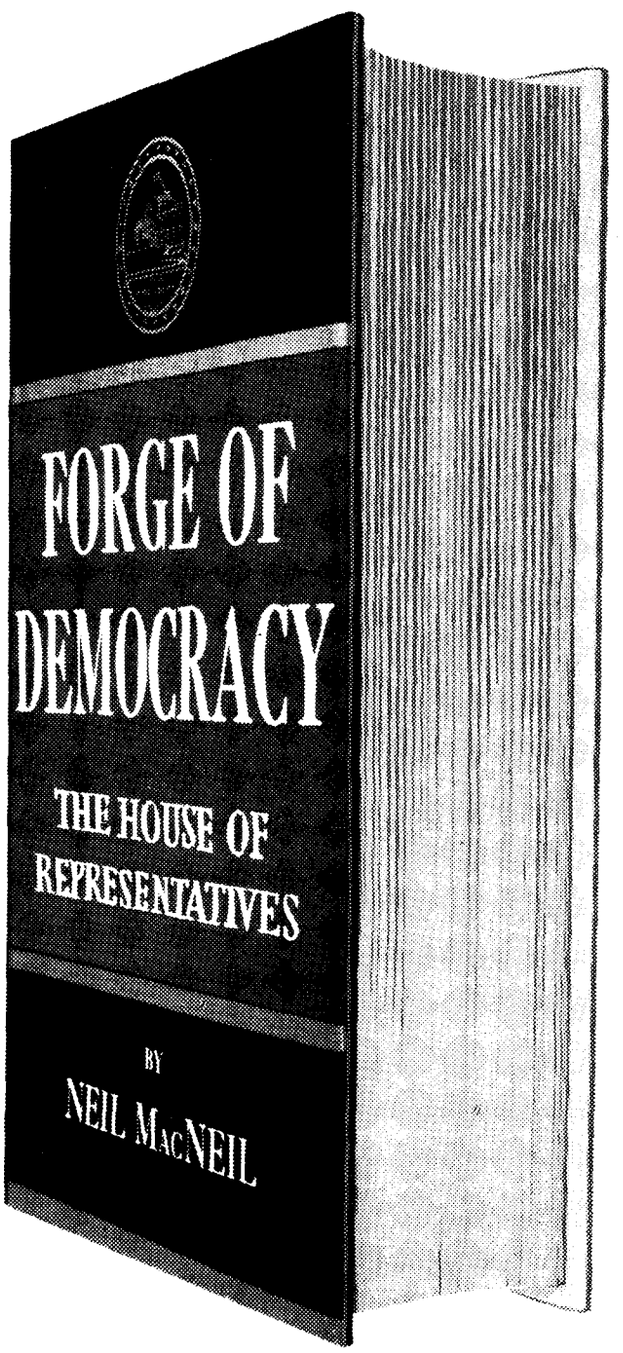

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the arias from *Ernani* and *La Traviata* that show her to have been as tasteless a musician as the others. I might add that Schumann-Heink can be heard at exciting length on Rococo 11.

The familiar Overture to Rossini's early *La Scala di Seta* is as delightful as the others; but the unfamiliar little opera itself, which RCA Victor has issued on LM-7020 (mono only), turns out to be far below the later works in quality and quite dull. The recorded performance with a cast headed by Graziella Sciutti is good.

The La Scala performance of Verdi's *La Traviata* on Deutsche Grammophon 18-832/4 and 138-832/4 has Bastianini as Germont, but only a moderately good Violetta in Renata Scotto and Alfredo in Gianni Raimondi – altogether not enough to make this performance unexcitingly conducted by Votto preferable to the one paced and shaped incomparably by Toscanini.

A few of the best passages in Bach's B-minor Mass – the *"Cum sancto spiritu"* of the *Gloria*, the *"Et incarnatus est"*, *"Crucifixus"* and aria *"Et in spiritum sanctum"* of the *Credo*, the *"Dona nobis pacem"* of the *Agnus Dei* – are among the excerpts on Deutsche Grammophon 19-300 and 136-300 from the recording of the entire work conducted by Karl Richter. They are performed very satisfyingly by the Munich Bach Choir and Orchestra and Fischer-Dieskau; other passages are sung well by the contralto Hertha Toepper and and the bass Keith Engen; and Richter's pacing of the music is effective.

The original text of Haydn's superb Symphony No. 98, first performed rather inadequately by Goberman with a Vienna State Opera orchestra a year ago, is now to be had in a performance by Jochum with the Berlin Philharmonic on Deutsche Grammophon 18-823 and 138-823, in which the music gains in effectiveness first of all from the more animated – or I might say less leaden-footed – tempos, but also from the more sensitively enlivening, as well as beautiful-sounding, playing of the orchestra (and care has been taken to secure a balance which keeps the superlative woodwinds clearly audible in the tuttis). The reverse sides have a good performance of the Symphony No. 88, another fine work. Victor LM-2362 (mono – the expected stereo version not having arrived) has Beethoven's Quartet Op. 95, with its vehement opening movement that is an example of the compression of some of his earlier writing, and the Quartet Op. 135, an example not only of the compression but of the strangeness and, in its extraordinary slow movement, the superearthly exaltation of some of his last writing. The Juilliard Quartet plays them with musical insight and technical competence – except for the flawed tone of the first violin, less disturbing in Op. 135 than in Op. 95 (where it can be made less disturbing by reduction of treble).

B. H. HAGGIN

Correspondence

The Education Vanguard

Sirs:

I must take further issue with Christopher Jencks. In his reply to my article (April 27), he argues first, that "militant minorities of laymen have in the past almost always led in the wrong direction"; and second, that "the only group which seems to me likely to apply the right kind of pressure on school administrators . . . would be the classroom teachers." As concerns the first point, reform, that is socially desirable change in institutions, has almost always come from a militant minority of laymen. It is nearly a matter of definition: In most such situations nearly all concerned are amateurs and majorities are nearly always apathetic. The French Revolution, the progressive income tax, the passive resistance movement of Negroes fighting for their rights, none of these things is the work of a majority or of professionals. This, of course, does not contradict the statement that undesirable change could also come at the hands of an outside group: witness the recent frightening shenanigans of the extreme right concerning the schools of Paradise, California.

As concerns the second argument, one cannot expect landowners to lead a land reform movement, or slaveholders to fight for human freedom. Similarly, one cannot expect the education facul-

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ties in the universities, the school supervisors, or the professional groups of teachers to lead a movement which they believe threatens their power, prestige, and "way of life." But, for the same reason, one cannot expect the classroom teachers to be in the vanguard of our "cause" since they are very much the product of and under the control of the professional educators. Jencks is asking the teachers to undergo a metamorphosis, stir up a hornet's next, and, I fear, very often take more than a little chance on losing their jobs. Teachers are not that heroic. I remain with my initial conclusion, what gets done will get done primarily because of pressure from without.

One more point, the students at Washington State are not "mindless." By nearly any test they are above average. One reason for this is the relatively high, if not particularly efficient, investment in secondary and primary education in the State of Washington. Moreover, Washington State University is not a college; unless you wish to call a school with a faculty of a thousand (many of whom perform worthwhile research), with over seven thousand undergraduates and nearly a thousand graduate students, and with a library which holds some three-quarter million volumes a college.

Lest I confuse the reader, let me state that I remain convinced that at WSU as with nearly every state school in the country we have a large minority of students who may learn vocational and social skills, but who are dead to intellectual development. In the article I contended that some of the "bucolic young savages" could have been salvaged had they not had twelve prior years of anti-intellectual schooling, with the result that today they are convinced that there is little of value to be found in their non-vocational course work.

Jacob Meerman
Washington State University

Supporting the Negroes

Sirs:

May a sometimes critical and now established "atypical" reader express his hearty approval of your editorial note, "The End of Fear"? It was excellent, a judgment I form even though I read it after the bombing violence in Birmingham two days ago. We have come to the point where the ugly evil of racism must be tackled head-on by the Negro himself, that if the problem is to be truly solved, it must be the Negro's own solution, and that the evil of racism is something that yields only to pressure – firm, unrelenting pressure. If that causes "disturbance" to the Attorney-General in Washington or to Father Foley in Alabama, it's too bad, for they are obviously men of great good-will, but time has run out on us. We used it all up in committee meetings while our "Bull" Connors continued to ride rough-shod over our Negro fellow citizens.

As I see it, our role now must be that of a supporter of the Negro's efforts, humbly subordinate to his leadership and to his initiative.

Leon Sullivan, O.F.M.
Peoria, Illinois

Right Names, Please

Sirs:

Teaching in Colombia last year, I found that Latin Americans were insulted by the failure of the American press and politicians to refer correctly to them in articles and speeches. The most glaring example was President Kennedy's constant reference in his speech before the editors to Dr. Miró Cardona as "Dr. Cardona." In *The New Republic* of April 20, you refer to President Lopez Mateos of Mexico as "President Mateos." In Spanish cultures the children take the name of both their father and mother. The father's name is placed first and the mother's second. In other words, President Lopez' father's name was Lopez and his mother's Mateos. When using only one of the names, you use the first.

Mrs. Frank R. Safford
Dartmouth College

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MONOCLE

is a quarterly journal of political satire whose editorial policy is that "the views of our contributors, no matter how conflicting and contradictory, are the views of the editors."

Every magazine has a Typical Reader. Playboy's *is the young man-about-town;* McCall's *is the family;* The New Yorker's *is not the old lady from Dubuque;* Seventeen's *is the teenage girl; and* MONOCLE'S, *we discovered, is Jack Kennedy.*

We didn't plan to write about Kennedy. We didn't mean to write about Kennedy. We didn't want to write about Kennedy. But there it was... So in our Preview Issue our lead story, called "A Perfect Day for Honeyfitz," by C. D. B. Bryan, began...

In the first place you've probably read a thousand goddam stories about them already. I mean every time you pick up a magazine there's some phony article about them written by a seamstress, or an ex-roommate, or a sailor on a PT boat, for Chrissake. And I'm sick and tired of all those phonies who say they could tell by the way he brushed his *teeth* at *Choate,* for Chrissake, that he would become President of the United States. In the first place he hardly ever brushed his teeth—I don't mean he *never* brushed them, or anything. I mean he didn't brush them any three goddam times a day, that's all...

Even our Japanese correspondent sent us an item about a forthcoming best-seller called Destiny's Deckhand, *which turned out to be an autobiography of the seaman who was on the destroyer that rammed Kennedy's PT-109.*

The White House still refused to cancel its subscription, *so in the fall of 1962 we started publishing a weekly newsletter—*

THE OUTSIDER'S NEWSLETTER

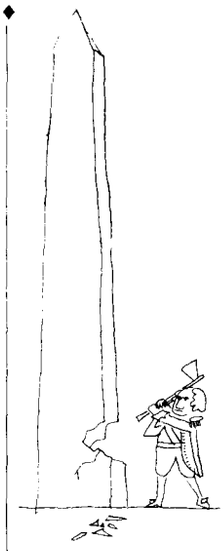
whose real purpose was to avoid talking about the Kennedys. We expressed our lofty aim in an opening editorial: Just about anybody can get the 'inside' story by reading such sheets as Time and I. F. Stone's Weekly. But it takes persistence, courage, and intelligent ignorance to get the outside story —the story of what is *not* going on. It is our purpose to tell that story.

Despite our honest intention to avoid the dynasty issue in Teddy Kennedy's senatorial campaign, we found THE OUTSIDER'S NEWSLETTER *reporting on The Edward M. Kennedy Foundation, whose purpose was to give other unqualified young men the chance that Teddy had. We pointed out that "thousands of people in our society are wasting away in obscure monotonous jobs because a lack of qualifications and experience prevents them from starting at the top. This is a tremendous waste of manpower. With a trust fund and the right connections these people could be holding down responsible positions in government, industry and the arts."*

Our News Managing Editor, Marvin Kitman, has tried to get us off the Kennedys. Our newsletter includes Letters to Other Editors (we tell them what's wrong with their publications), Junket-tours, Inc., a travel agency for Congressmen, poems of protest, a feature called "I'm Not Prejudiced But..." (e.g. "Negro mathematicians have a natural sense of logarithm"), a comic strip with Herman Kahn as Superman, the adventures of James Bland of Her Majesty's Most Secret Service, constitutional questions ("Is a person born in Mississippi of American parents eligible to be President of the United States?"), and television shows for the UN: "77 Gaza Strip" and "Dr. Ben Bella"...but then somebody mistook our Executive Editor, Richard R. Lingeman, for Charles Bartlett and leaked us Robert Kennedy's diary:

Tues. Today was Jack's inauguration ...The ceremonies went along smoothly until an old man named Frost tried to read a poem and was unable to do the complete job. Jack tells me he is some kind of famous poet. That may be true but he certainly put on a shoddy performance today. I don't care how famous a man is in his line of work, if he can't deliver the goods when it counts, he should let someone else take his place on the firing line. Some of the poetry Ethel writes is better than the one he read.

Help us to break the Kennedy habit. Subscribe now so that the editors of MONOCLE *and* THE OUTSIDER'S NEWSLETTER *can travel to far-off lands and write about what's not going on in Monaco, Paris, Lichtenstein...*



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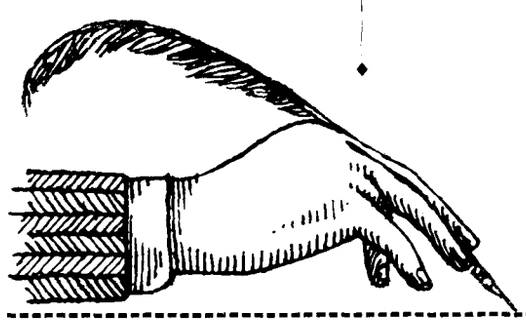

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